

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 21, 1972

TIME



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KOOL MILDs.

The taste of extra coolness
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tobaccos are light, mild,
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Just the right amount
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Here is the taste of extra
coolness low-tar smokers
have waited so long
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Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine. Kool Longs 18 mg. "tar,"
1.34 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '72.

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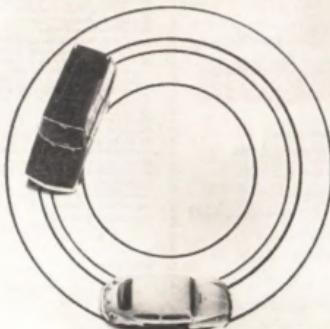
It's shorter than a Chevy Nova sedan. And since it has a shorter turning radius than a VW, you shouldn't have to drive around in search of a place to unload your load.

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As is a rear window wiper. Something that gives our station wagon a clear advantage over others.

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LETTERS

Spiro Through Dark Glasses

Sir / Whoever wrote "Nixon Declares an Encore for Spiro" [July 31] was looking through the wrong end of the telescope—and with dark glasses at that. His preface shows in every line.

ANDREW POUSMA
Honolulu

Sir / "Divisive, abrasive, limited?" To whom? Not to me and not to many others. In my opinion, TIME's description of Agnew as vice-presidential choice was arbitrary, capricious, controversial and careless. This is an opinion only, not a statement of fact. I suggest that those responsible for the Agnew story consider the difference between the two.

JO EVANS
Southern Pines, N.C.

Sir / The realization that Spiro Agnew will once again be running for the office that is a heartbeat away from the presidency makes my heart beat with fear.

JONATHAN HUNT
Riverside, Conn.

Sir / Contrary to what you seem to believe, not all college students hate the Vice President. I am a college student, and I think very highly of Mr. Agnew. I do get sick of reading about how the President's choice of Mr. Agnew is supposed to steer us toward Mr. McGovern. If anything, it strengthened my support of the Republican ticket.

WILLIAM HOWARD MCALISTER
Ashland, Ky.

Sir / Of course Spiro Agnew will run for President. How could the Republicans pass up the chance for the Spiro of '76?

DEL TRIMBLE
San Diego

Sir / I would predict that at the end of the first 100 days of a Spiro Agnew Administration, the entire nation would be in need of electroshock therapy.

RICHARD W. TENTLER
Sun Valley, Calif.

The Eagleton Affair

Sir / Until the announcement of Senator Eagleton's "stepping down" [Aug. 14], I thought George McGovern was the hope for our political system, a spark that would renew our faith in the possibilities of the political process.

I was wrong. He's just another political hack who will sacrifice any ideal or person to get elected.

(THE REV.) LEONARD FREEMAN
Upper Darby, Pa.

Sir / Though I would not have voted for Senator Thomas F. Eagleton in the upcoming presidential election, I hasten to nominate him as the Man of the Year for 1972.

ERNEST S. EWALD
Three Rivers, Mich.

Sir / We are convinced McGovern has made a grave mistake and breached his faith not only with Thomas Eagleton but also with regard to his own candidacy and our nation. Senator Eagleton's strength, wit and courage demonstrated his competence as a politician. His ability in adverse situations and the inequity of dropping him from the ticket. We are Democrats, against the war and opposed to the current Administration, but tonight we feel cheated

and denied. While we will vote for McGovern in November, we refuse to work actively for the national ticket and are therefore returning our registration and campaign material. This has been a day of difficult decisions.

TIM and CELYNDA CAMMON
Eureka, Mo.

Sir / Re the Eagleton disclosures: I think this nation would be blessed to have a Vice President who has been sensitive enough to buckle under the pressures of responsible public service today and sane enough to seek treatment voluntarily. There are many national leaders in Washington who should have psychiatric care.

JOHN F. LAUGHLIN
Editor
Family Digest
Huntington, Ind.

Sir / As a psychologist, I am surprised by the naivete of those who think that having sought professional assistance during periods of emotional stress in the past is evidence of present or future emotional disturbance.

How many of us can state with absolute certainty that we have no psychological imperfections? Does a history of professional help for an emotionally distressed condition mean that there is a present emotional problem? Not at all. It might well mean that such a person has learned to deal with his or her tensions in a rational and effective way, and is all the more stable for having courageously chosen the road of critical self-appraisal.

ALLEN E. WIESNER
Clinical Psychologist
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir / Although there should be no stigma attached to medical treatment for psychiatric problems, Mr. Eagleton's lack of candor, and not the medical history itself, made his value to the Democratic ticket highly questionable.

FRANCES VANDEROORT
Chicago

Arrogant Genius

Sir / To some people Bobby Fischer is impudent, arrogant, self-serving and somewhat childish [July 31]. They are probably right, but do they know that he has to be rated one of the most brilliant chess masters of all time? Do they know that he alone probably brought more prize money and better playing conditions to tournament chess than all the greats combined?

The next time someone feels like criticizing Fischer, he should think about his favorite ballyhoo player who is a holdout, or the last time he himself fought for more money.

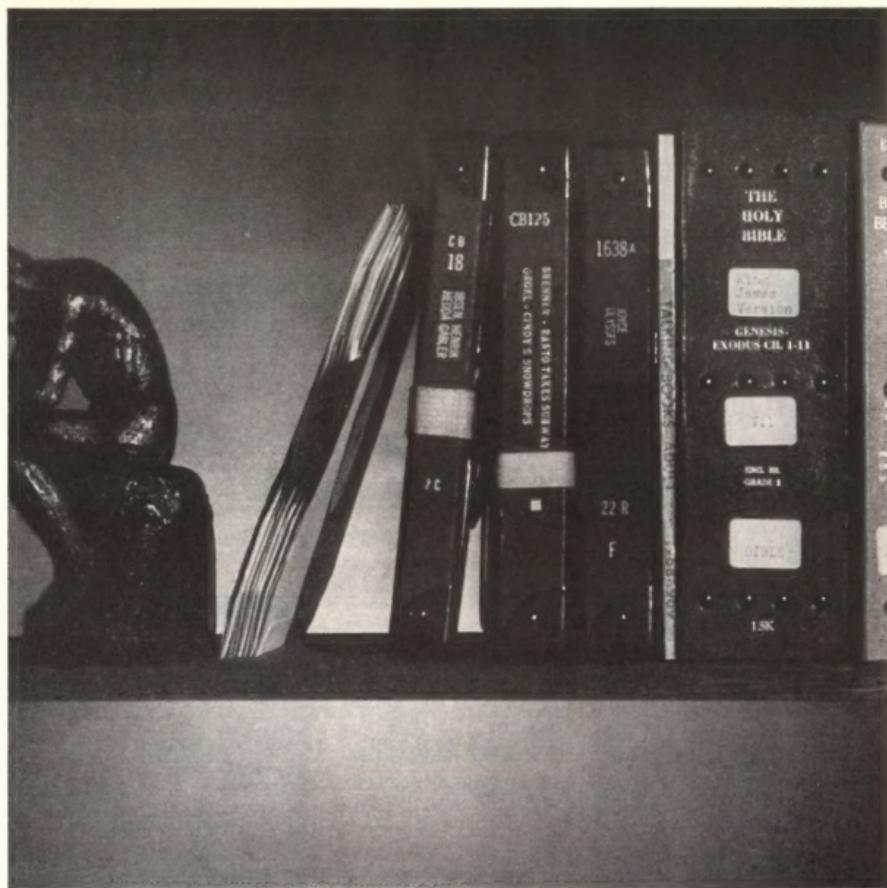
FRANCIS J. WELCH JR.
Rochester

Sir / I was ashamed to read of Bobby Fischer's performance. I can't imagine anyone discrediting his country more than this man has been doing.

My best wishes to Boris Spassky. I feel the title and money should have been awarded to him by default.

CAROLE LAVIGNE
Enfield, Conn.

Sir / A long, loud cheer for the team that put together your cover story on the fantastic goings on in the world of chess. It is a superb piece of writing: fact giving, terrific



Photograph by Bob Munnix

Blind people don't live by bread alone either.

Art, music, books—these are the enriching staff of their lives too.

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If anything, blind people appreciate and cherish them more.

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It's part of helping blind people become just people. Something we've been doing for more than 50 years.

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There's a new 3 year Navy enlistment. So you can come in for 6 years or 4 years or now, 3 years.

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See Africa. See Europe. See Japan. Join the Navy and see the world. (It's still true.)

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New guys now earn \$288 a month. (Congress gave us a raise.)

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More freebies.

Besides free travel and free education and that \$288 a month, you get free food and free clothing and free housing and free health care and 30 paid vacation days per year.

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It's toll free, there's no obligation, and a real live Navy recruiter will answer all your questions 24 hours a day, seven days a week. In Washington, D.C. call 433-2000.

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Send in the attached coupon and we'll send you some more information.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Aug. 21, 1972 Vol. 100, No. 8

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Another Misfire

Once again, the National Rifle Association proved to be stronger than the national interest. By a vote of 68-25, the Senate passed a bill banning the manufacture and sale of the Saturday Night Special, the snub-nosed handgun that is so often used to kill people. But the bill was shot so full of holes that the N.R.A. has nothing to worry about. Nor have the criminals.

Introduced by Birch Bayh, the bill defines the Saturday Night Special as a pistol no longer than six inches with a barrel no longer than three. To get around the law, a gunmaker need only produce a slightly longer revolver. In addition, the bill does not ban the sale of handguns by individuals, which is the way most criminals get their weapons in the first place. Finally, the bill includes an amendment repealing a provision of the 1968 gun-control law requiring that records be kept of anyone who buys rim-fire .22-cal. ammunition—a device enabling police to check up on criminal activity.

Tougher proposals were easily beaten. Michigan Senator Philip Hart courageously offered a substitute bill that would outlaw possession of Saturday Night Specials. It was voted down, 84-7.

While supporters of gun legislation reminded the Senate that George Wallace had been felled by an easily purchased Saturday Night Special, they got no cooperation from the stricken Governor, who still opposes any kind of controls. Such is the lingering influence of the frontier that not even a harrowing brush with death will cause one of its

sons to lay down his arms or urge others to do so. Never mind that the maniac shoots faster and straighter. The gun is still potent as symbol—and all too often as fact.

Queens High

Like any movement that has touched an important social nerve, Women's Liberation has developed its own backlash. Declaring that "As the family goes, so goes the nation," Mrs. J.J. Jacob last November formed the International Anti-Women's Liberation League in California. Today the league claims 15,000 members nationwide and has just established its Midwest chapter. Its principal work now is aimed at defeating the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution.

Says Mrs. Harriet Pierce, Midwestern head of the league: "We see this amendment as a weapon of the women's liberationists to destroy the family structure. We fear it will lead to marriage among homosexuals, the drafting of women into the Army and the crumbling of the American family." But such is the feminist movement's impact that even those opposing it have been drawn along with its basic tenets. One league spokeswoman, Mrs. Dolores H. Pefayo, insists: "We of course want equal rights and equal pay. But now they have begun to do silly things. I heard that some are protesting that in poker, for example, two kings should not beat two queens."

Stuttering Pennies

Last winter the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia turned out between 20,000 and 100,000 pennies that were lucratively flawed. As Mint officials now reconstruct the error, workers on two shifts had improperly cast a die, and the pennies came out with a shadowy double impression of the words In God We Trust and Liberty, a sort of minute stuttering effect.

The mistake, the first such defect in U.S. coinage in 17 years, is the sort of accident that numismatists love. The Mint in fact knew nothing of the bad pennies until two of them were sent in by collectors asking if they were valid coins. Now some collectors have placed ads in *Coin World* offering \$95-\$125 for one of the pennies.

PENNY WITH DOUBLE IMPRESSION
A die miscast.



PENNSYLVANIA FLOOD VICTIMS

THE MOOD

Summer's Ease

THE land was in its summer rhythms. The unrelenting litany of problems remained—the war, inflation, unemployment, pollution. Ahead loomed a somewhat strange presidential election that might wedge the old divisions wider than ever. Yet for the moment, much of America was suspended in an August pause. Compared with the national mood a year ago—a weary funk of economic uncertainty—there was now even a sense of a new summer sweetness, an ease, or apathy, and in some parts of the country a distinct savor of contentment.

Last summer, according to one estimate, Americans were so strapped that one out of every four chose to forgo a vacation altogether. Now, for all the corruptions of inflation, food prices and property taxes, money seems a bit looser. Some major economic indicators are up again—the second-quarter gross national product registered the best three-month gain in six years. As the squeeze lessened, airlines were reporting new records of passenger travel. The highways glistened with a tidal flow of Americans getting away; truck drivers complained that the roads were glutted with campers. State parks and national forests were overrun—an ambiguous blessing.

The summer of 1972 sometimes bore a gloss of nostalgia. Rock stations piping vacationers to the beach played interminable "golden oldies," the rhythms of the '50s rising over the sunny traffic jams. The mood took others farther back. "Everywhere I go," said Sacramento Printer Gilbert Newman,



RELIEF IN NEW YORK



FUN IN NEBRASKA

and Anxieties

"I see young people with deep tans jogging, bicycling. It reminds me of the lazy days during the Depression years I spent in Boston."

The hazy streets of Gary, Ind., cluttered a year ago with knots of unemployed steelworkers, now are nearly deserted as steel production continues to surge. While food prices climbed, farmers at least could savor the rise—and the fact that they are enjoying a 50% increase in federal subsidies this year over last. If the nation's urban ghettos were as scabrous as ever, they were mostly peaceful. In Harlem's 26th Precinct, Patrolman Jim Toner observed with some bewilderment: "The tension is much less here than it used to be. It's been a very mild summer, and people just aren't as uptight. I don't know why." In Cleveland, an annual parade of black militants to honor those killed by police was canceled this year because of lack of interest.

Perhaps the nation always seems more "normal" to itself in the summer months, when its people pursue their private recreations. Despite surface tokens of some peace and national self-confidence, there was also evidence of a deeper restlessness, a persistent undercutting of malaise. The war remains. Last week the last American ground combat unit was deactivated in Vietnam, yet more than 100,000 U.S. military men were still pursuing the war from the South China Sea and Guam and Thailand. The bombing was heavier than ever.

The season has also had its share of disasters at home, natural and unnatural.

ural. Last week HUD Secretary George Romney toured the Susquehanna River valley, devastated last June by its worst floods in history. There he found a withering anger among the victims. Said one man who had been waiting six weeks for a federally supplied trailer to live in: "If this disaster were handled like the war, you bet I'd have my trailer. But we're not important like that goddamned war."

New York crippled through a mid-July heat wave with almost daily power failures all over the city. In that period, the city had 57 murders in seven days, more than ever before in its history. In the wealthy Chicago suburb of Barrington Hills, four persons in a \$100,000 mansion were riddled with gunfire and left dead—no one knew why. In Atlanta-

ta last week, a 14-year-old boy was found tortured and mutilated. Life followed art on the Chattooga River in North Georgia, where the film *Deliverance* was made: a group of drunken mountaineers attacked some tourists floating down the river on a raft.

Australian Rancher Henry Crouch spent six weeks touring the U.S. this summer and was astonished by the dissatisfaction he heard expressed. He found everyone complaining—about jobs, politicians, marriages, morals. Asked Crouch: "With all this affluence, why?" Across the nation, there was a curious sense of mixed ease and anxiety. Said F.W. Boyle, an officer of the Free Will Baptist Church in Nashville, Tenn.: "I feel much better than I did a year ago. But how wonderful America

could be if we could be together like we were in the '40s. I was in Israel, and I noticed they were just like we were 25 years ago—all together, men and women, not bickering."

Americans seemed to be in an anticipatory mood, with an intuition that they were in transit to a future, which if it was not necessarily malevolent, at least left them profoundly skittish. As Robert Block, a Seattle investment banker, observed: "It seems as if everyone has been taught to live on the edge of disaster so long that they have become used to it. There seems to be no doubt that we are on a tidal wave of social change. In these uncertain times, we can take comfort in good food, good friends and someone who can sing a good song."

THE CAMPAIGN

The Democrats Begin Again

HIS blue eyes dimmed and his thinning hair awry, a tired George McGovern clearly showed the strain of his ordeal over finding a vice-presidential candidate. But after Sargent Shriver had been formally placed on the ticket at a miniconvention of the Democratic National Committee in Washington, McGovern was free to plunge eagerly into the formal debut of his presidential campaign. He deliberately chose New Hampshire, where five amazing months ago he won his first primary victory. In his two-day swing through three New England states, the crowd response was warm, and McGovern grew buoyant again in his quiet way.

This week, in Wisconsin, Ohio and Illinois, he planned to continue wooing the old Democratic chieftains, a pro-

cess that had begun at the unpreceded committee meeting in the Capitol. Wisely controlled to minimize any new internal squabbles over procedures or credentials, the gathering was nevertheless a kind of public confessional as speakers talked frankly about the campaign's bad start, its lack of funds and party disunity. "Come home to your party where you belong," pleaded Hubert Humphrey to disaffected Democrats, adding with a touch of personal bitterness: "Richard Nixon is in the White House because too many Democrats didn't come home in 1968." Now some of them seemed to be returning. Chicago Mayor Richard Daley congratulated Shriver, and one of Daley's close associates, Congressman Dan Rostenkowski, made a



SHRIVER & McGOVERN ACCLAIMED BY DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE
Making them wonder why he was seventh instead of first.

nominating speech for the vice-presidential candidate.

The committee meeting was largely a gathering of old pros, contrasting with the more youthful convention in Miami Beach. It gave Tom Eagleton such an enthusiastic reception that he looked like a winner rather than a man bumped from the ticket because of his past mental-depression treatments. Yet there was an almost solid show of unity behind Shriver on the committee roll call. He got all of the 3,016 votes except Missouri's 73, which went sympathetically to Eagleton, and four in Oregon that

went to former Senator Wayne Morse, who is seeking a comeback there this year. In introducing Shriver, McGovern's speech hit only one high point. He drew a standing ovation as he ridiculed charges that he is too radical. "What is right has always been called radical," he said, "by those with a stake in things that are wrong."

Shriver quickly made many people wonder why he had not been the first choice all along. He bounced into the hall, smiling, laughing, pumping hands. He introduced his 90-year-old mother, interrupted his speech (written with the

help of two former Kennedy aides, Mike Novak and Adam Walinsky) to direct attention to "my brother-in-law, Ted Kennedy, sitting there with that pensive look. What is he thinking about?" Surprised, Kennedy looked uncomfortable. Said Shriver: "I am not embarrassed to be George McGovern's seventh choice for Vice President. We Democrats may be short of money; we're not short of talent. Pity Mr. Nixon—his first and only choice was Spiro Agnew." Contending that America was suffering from "a famine of the spirit," and that the Nixon Administration lacks "compassion," Shriver ended on an unusual note. He urged that "we harness for God the energies of love." To do so, he said, would mean that "for the second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire."

A few days later, Shriver ignited his first political fire by saying he had stayed on as Ambassador to France under Nixon only because he thought Nixon was going to pursue peace in Vietnam the way Dwight Eisenhower had in Korea. When the Paris peace talks began in 1969, Shriver claimed, "Nixon had peace handed to him literally in his lap—but he blew it." If Nixon had then offered terms anywhere near as lenient as those he has recently offered, Shriver contends, they would have been readily accepted by the North Vietnamese. Instead, he pushed his Vietnamization policy, which accented a military solution that has not yet brought peace. In angry riposte, Secretary of State William Rogers termed Shriver's claim a "political fantasy" and declared that if Shriver saw such an opportunity to end

George McGovern Makes His Case

The Democratic presidential candidate met with TIME editors last week for a wide-ranging interview on his prospects and problems, presenting the most favorable case for himself as he prepares to take it to the voters. Excerpts.

FENCE MENDING. We'll have some difficulty there. We've already had a little, but I think that most of the original constituency that got us the nomination have enough pragmatism to know that if I'm going to be elected President we have to reach out beyond the groups that got us the nomination. That doesn't mean that I have to betray my principles, but it does mean that in dealing with people I've got to make a deliberate effort to ask for support from party regulars. I did call Mayor Daley, and he's going to meet me at the state fair in Illinois next Wednesday. We'll be touring the fairgrounds together. Some people with tender skin are going to be offended by that. But the fact remains that Mayor Daley is a power in Illinois. If we want to carry that state,

it's helpful to have his support. Anybody with a little common sense who wants to see me elected will see that as a wise move, not as a betrayal of principle. [As for George Wallace, I don't know whether he will endorse me. I would like to have his support.]

THE JEWISH VOTE. I think that my position on Israel over the years has been stronger than has been the case with Mr. Nixon. I've been a very strong supporter for U.S. assistance to Israel. I think there are some other factors that may be behind what I hope will be a temporary defection of the Jewish vote (*see story on page 12*). I've been a leader, for example, in the reform movement in the Democratic Party which calls for fairer representation of various minority groups in the Democratic Convention process. This has resulted in more blacks coming in, more Mexican Americans, more women, more young people, and I think some Jewish voters may have seen that as a kind of threat to their position within the councils of the Democratic Party. They may have seen in that the possibility of quotas in Govern-

ment itself that would be a threat to talented Jews who feel positions in the Government ought to be on the basis of merit, not on the basis of any kind of quota system.

Also I suspect that we may be getting some of the same kind of backlash among Jewish voters that we saw earlier among white voters in general when efforts were made to deal with the problems of poverty and the problems of blacks. But as we move toward the election, those Jewish voters who have traditionally voted for the Democratic nominee will start coming home again.

UNEMPLOYMENT. I have businessmen stopping me all the time asking, "Why are you against business?" I'm not against business, but I don't think that it's in the interest of business to have 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 people unemployed. I don't think that it's in the interest of business to have 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 added to the welfare rolls as they have been in the past 31 years. There's a curious thing going on in this issue. As late as yesterday, the President's campaign manager, Mr. [Clark] MacGregor, was saying that I wanted to divide the country into welfare recipients and workers. Actually, that

the war he was "miraculously quiet about it" at the time.

The war was also on McGovern's mind and on the minds of many of his well-wishers as he campaigned last week. Getting back to New Hampshire lifted his spirits. He toured the J.F. McElwain Shoe Co. "My God," one worker observed, "they all shake hands in the primaries and then you never see them again. I think he is the first man who ever came back." McGovern repeatedly asked the shoemakers what they would want most of him if elected. "Get our boys back," said one. "Stop importing shoes," said another. "Take care of our own people instead of helping people abroad," said a third.

Marvelous. Mostly McGovern listened. Shown a front-page editorial in the Manchester *Union Leader* in which its archconservative publisher, William Loeb, said McGovern had "neither the mentality nor the stature to be even a minor legislator in a small state," McGovern noted that the picture was flattering and his name was spelled right. He blithely called it "marvelous free publicity." Asked about the announcement that former Secretary of the Treasury John Connally had formed a Democrats for Nixon organization, McGovern said snappishly, "Does it really surprise anybody that those Texas oil billionaires are for Nixon?" He plans to reveal soon his own committee of Republicans for McGovern. Some women even screamed as McGovern walked through headquarters of the Aetna Insurance Co. in Hartford, Conn., and the candidate looked elated.

On McGovern's visit to Providence,

some 4,000 highly enthusiastic residents jammed Westminster Mall, especially cheering his attacks on the continuing war. In New York, McGovern held a press conference to announce that former Mayor Robert Wagner would be his state campaign chairman. Amid all the activity, he wrote Nixon that he would not personally take up the President's offer of foreign policy briefings, but designated as his stand-in Adviser Paul Warnke, who served as an Assistant Secretary of Defense in the Johnson Administration.

Repeatedly last week McGovern expressed his pleasure that the campaign was returning to issues instead of focusing on personalities. Yet there is increasing evidence that the Nixon-McGovern personality differences might be McGovern's best asset (see *TIME* Citizens' Panel, page 14). Contends Richard Scammon, a top Washington expert on the electorate: "The best thing that George McGovern has going for him is that he ain't Richard Nixon. He had better stick with that." But there are mystifying crosscurrents moving at this stage of the campaign. Even as a Harris poll was showing that the Eagleton affair had sent McGovern to a miserable 34% rating behind Nixon's 57% in voter preference, a Gallup poll disclosed that 53% of Americans believe that the Democratic Party can handle the problems that most concern them better than the Republicans. The reverse was true when Humphrey began his campaign against Nixon in 1968; yet Humphrey very nearly won as Nixon's once commanding lead evaporated down the home stretch.

charge could more correctly be leveled against the Administration. They built up the welfare rolls to an all-time high, they've added to the number of unemployed in the country.

I don't see anything in the record of the Nixon Administration that entitles President Nixon to the confidence of the business community or the confidence of leading economists in the

country. He's going to finish this four-year term with a cumulative deficit of somewhere around \$100 billion. My guess is that if any Democratic President had been in that position at the end of four years, he would have been ridiculed out of office. I think that business will do better in the long run under a full-employment economy and under a fair tax structure than they're doing today. [As for the specifics of the tax program, I want to reserve final judgment until we have completed some studies. I do not want to be dug in for any figures at this point. I think that business will do better than we're doing today if we end the war [and] if we spend less on the military sector.

NIXON AS A CANDIDATE. We're probably in trouble if we can't get him out. We've got to get him out. I would love to get him into televised debates. I don't claim to be a great debater, but I do think that in open exchanges with the President we'll come off better. Whether or not we can get him into that situation, I don't know. We're not really counting on it, but we're going to press him. The more we can get him out across the country, the better we're going to do.

REPUBLICANS

A Fight of Their Own

On the eve of the 1972 Republican Convention in Miami Beach, where peace, harmony and utter boredom had been expected to prevail next week, a fight over party reform is now shaping up. With the memory of the Democratic open combat still fresh in the public mind, Republican reformers are aware that their convention procedures may seem to many voters antediluvian, so they are determined to take their case to the convention floor, not only to advance their cause but to enhance the image of Republicanism as well.

The case is a good one. The Republican Party has the aura of a closed corporation. Delegates are sometimes assessed as much as \$1,000 simply for the privilege of a seat on the convention floor. For that reason alone, few young, black or poor delegates have ever attended Republican Conventions. In addition, some states hold their caucuses in virtual secrecy, while in others delegates choose their own alternates, so that husband-wife and father-son delegate pairings are not uncommon.

Theater. The men responsible for the Republican's belated reform movement are Illinois Congressman Tom Railshack and Illinois Senator Charles Percy. Railshack has formed an *ad hoc* committee that has drafted a set of recommendations for 1976. Among them: open meetings for delegate selection, alternate delegates to be chosen in the same manner as delegates; no automatic seats for party officers or elected officials; an "endeavor" on the part of each state for equal representation of men and women; no abridgment of the right to participate for reasons of "race, sex, religion, age, color or national origin"; and provision of state committee funds to defray a delegate's expenses. Percy, pursuing a different tack, is trying to change the current delegate "bonus" system, arguing that it enables small states to swing more weight relative to their size than large states.

As mild as the Republican reform measures are compared with those put through by the Democrats, they may face a stiff fight. Conservatives and party regulars view the proposed reforms as a thinly disguised stop-Agnew-in-'76 movement, figuring that most of the new delegates brought in under any reform schemes are not likely to be Agnewites. So far the White House indicates that it will not take sides but let the convention thresh out a response. If nothing else, the battles should be good theater in a script otherwise in search of surprise.

* All states that went Republican in the previous election or elected a Republican Governor or Senator get six bonus delegates. Thus the bonus does not affect Alaska's nine delegates, since it has only one senator and one representative. Ohio (50). A district court has ruled the procedure unconstitutional as a violation of the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

McGOVERN IN SHOE FACTORY



The Jewish Swing to Nixon

DETROIT Millionaire Max Fisher has finally learned to like his job. After years of trying, he now has no trouble raising funds for Richard Nixon from wealthy Jewish sources. Appearing before groups of top Jewish leaders in as many as four cities a week, he makes a quiet approach, scarcely even mentioning money. Sometimes Henry Kissinger has been in tow to give a briefing on the summits, but he insists on leaving before there is talk of money. At the end of each session, Fisher raises amounts that surprise even him. Already, \$3,000,000 has been collected toward a goal of \$5,000,000. Says Fisher: "My work has never been easier."

The Republicans are making the most of it. The tears were hardly dry after the Miami Democratic Convention before they approached Jewish supporters of Humphrey and Jackson and urged them to switch to the President. While George McGovern neglected these contributors in their defeat, the President showed that he cared

er: "Now it's like everyone has had a revelation. People come rushing up to me and say 'I just want to tell you how I'm going to vote.'"

Nor is it only wealthy Jews who are deserting the Democrats. Republicans as well as many Democrats say that they expect the President to get better than 30% of the Jewish vote in the country, a dramatic improvement over the 15% he won in the 1968 election. A recent Cambridge Opinion survey showed Nixon trailing McGovern among New York Jews by 36% to 56% (Nixon got only some 20% in 1968), enough of a gain to offer the President a landslide victory in a state that is usually considered safe for Democrats. In other key industrial states, Republican operatives are working hard to batten down the Jewish vote. In a close election, a slight switch among these voters could mean the difference between victory and defeat. In 14 states, "Jewish Youth for Nixon" are scheduled to make a door-to-door canvas. Rabbi David Luchins,

for this change of heart is Israel. "As an issue, Israel is primordial," says Rita Hauser, a Nixon campaign director in New York City. On that issue, the President has proved himself. He has provided as much economic and military assistance to Israel as all the White House predecessors combined; in times of crisis he has stood up to the Soviet Union in the Middle East. McGovern is more of a mystery. At first he was too dovish; he wanted the Israelis to return just about all the territories they had conquered from the Arabs in the Six-Day War, and he urged the internationalization of Jerusalem. Under pressure, he abandoned these positions and even went so far as to promise to supply U.S. troops if Israel were threatened with annihilation.

But Jews are only partially reassured. They do not like the idea that McGovern's youthful Western campaign chief, Rick Stearns, signed pro-Arab newspaper ads a few years ago. They also worry that McGovern's proposed defense cutbacks will ultimately jeopardize Israel. Unilateral troop withdrawals from Europe, as McGovern recommends, might encourage the Russians to be more aggressive in the Mid-



ISRAELI DEFENSE MINISTER MOSHE DAYAN CHATS WITH NIXON
A fateful shift to the Republican ticket of funds, brains, polemics and spirit.

There are literally dozens of lifetime Democratic fat cats who are now backing the Republican ticket. Last week one of the most serious defections occurred. Eugene Klein, chairman of the board of National General, an insurance and entertainment company based in Los Angeles, announced that he was supporting the President for re-election. His decision sent shock waves through the already demoralized Democratic Party, since Klein has considerable clout with other Jews: "I used to have trouble finding any supporters when I walked into the Hillcrest Country Club," says Taft Schreiber, executive vice president of show-biz conglomerate MCA and a major Nixon fund raiser.

who traveled 65,000 miles as director of "Jewish Youth for Humphrey," plans to trudge with equal energy for Nixon.

The shift in Jewish opinion could be fateful for Democrats. Over the years, no ethnic group has been more closely identified with the affairs of the Democratic Party than the Jews. They have provided it with funds, brains, polemics and spirit. They felt that as the party prospered, so did they. Now they are having second thoughts precipitated by the nomination of McGovern. For many of them, the Democratic Party—and, for that matter, left-wing politics—is no longer perceived as being necessarily good for Jews.

The reason most frequently given



MCGOVERN CAMPAIGNING DURING NEW YORK PRIMARY

idle East. Recently, McGovern pledged to end all aid to the Greek colonels; the Nixon Administration, on the other hand, is planning to build a home port for the Sixth Fleet near Athens. American Jews who visit Israel read papers singing the praises of Nixon.

Jewish attachment to Israel may be occasionally overemotional and overwrought, but then Israel is only one of the issues troubling Jews. Social change in America has proved as disquieting to Jews as it has to other ethnic groups. Like Italians and Irish, blacks and Chicanos, Poles and Czechs, Jews are turning inward, trying to re-establish an identity that seems threatened in contemporary America. All the talk of a

Jewish vote is an expression of a renewed ethnic consciousness, a defense erected against forces that appear to be menacing. Crime, in particular, has disrupted Jewish life in the cities, where most Jews continue to live. When they demand law and order, they are not speaking in code but citing sheer need. Always sensitive to outside slights and attacks, Jews are now more vehement in their own defense. As White House Aide Pat Buchanan rather bluntly put it: "The Jews have started to react to social engineering the way other ethnics have. They're protective of their turf."

While threatened, many Jews no longer feel they are protected by the political left, represented by McGovern. On the contrary, the Democratic nominee was a chief instigator of the quota system at the Miami convention. Making up only 3% of the American population, Jews are represented beyond their national percentage in the schools and the civil service, areas where quotas are sometimes now being vigorously applied. If blacks and other groups are given jobs on the basis of their weight in the population rather than making it on merit, it is the Jews who stand to

lose the most. Historically, the political left has stood for greater liberalization; now many Jews feel that the left has become illiberal. The democratic institutions so frequently attacked by the left have served as the best avenue for Jewish advancement. Jews do not want them tampered with.

Some Jewish opposition to McGovern can be explained, of course, by simple materialism. Like other people, many Jews have prospered, and they want to hang on to what they have got. McGovern's tax and welfare programs seem to them to threaten to take away

Shriver's Other Running Mate

Everybody in the family has said they will work in this campaign. Mother is ecstatic. Pat says she will do anything. Steve Smith is meeting with Sarge today. Ethel has been on the phone to me and to Sarge. She has some good ideas for the campaign. And Jean? Jean will do everything she can because she's my sister. Teddy? Sarge was in touch with him at all times during this thing. He assured Ted that he wouldn't touch it if there was any chance Ted was interested.

SO, flashing the toothy Kennedy smile, tossing the thick Kennedy mane and speaking in the metallic Kennedy accent, did Eunice Mary Kennedy Shriver sound the old Kennedy rallying call last week. She candidly admits that her husband Sargent Shriver, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, created a certain coolness among some Kennedy clansmen by staying on to serve in both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations and not sufficiently pitching in to aid Bobby's 1968 campaign. Nothing, however, takes the chill off as quickly as hotly contested political race for high stakes. "There have been problems," says Eunice. "I acknowledge that. But the past is one thing and the present is quite different—with everything that implies."

The present is in fact just like old times for Eunice Shriver. An enthusiastic campaigner who began by canvassing the dingy walk-ups in Boston for her older brother, Congressional Candidate John F. Kennedy, she has been stumping for one clansman or another for the better part of 20 years. Now 51, the hardest-driving and most intellectual of the Kennedy sisters would not have it any other way. If anything, she relishes the underdog role of the McGovern-Shriver ticket. "Sarge should be in public life," she insists. "He is awfully able, and his whole life has been in public service."

Eunice, too, has always been in public service. A graduate of Stanford with a degree in sociology, she went on to work in Chicago's juvenile court and at the Federal Reformatory for Women

in Alderson, W. Va. In 1947 she was appointed to the dollar-a-year post of executive secretary of the National Conference on Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency. After her marriage to Shriver in 1953, Eunice shifted her primary field of interest to mental retardation. (Rosemary, the eldest Kennedy sister, is in an institution for the mentally retarded.) When J.F.K.

KEN BEAR—CAMERA 3



EUNICE SHRIVER

became President in 1960, Eunice persuaded him to establish the National Institute of Child Health and to appoint a panel that became the Presidential Committee on Mental Retardation. Brother Bobby once twitted her by saying that the only reason J.F.K. pushed her plans into law was to get energetic Eunice off his back.

When Sarge Shriver was appointed Ambassador to France in 1968, Eunice polished her French and plunged headlong into promoting her work with the retarded on an international basis. One visitor to the embassy during the Shriver tenure recalls a telling vignette: "Little Mark Shriver, who was about four, was riding his tricycle around the

inlaid-marble foyer where toys were strewn about. Phones were ringing and a secretary was giving instructions. Eunice scooped up Mark to dash to the airport. The look of disapproval that crossed the butler's face as he viewed this scene was memorable."

No one stands on protocol at Timberlawn, the 20-acre estate that the Shrivers have rented for eleven years in suburban Maryland. In addition to supervising the chaotic, come-and-go life of her own brood—Robert, 18, Maria, 17, Timothy, 12, Mark, 8, and Anthony, 7—Eunice operates a summer day camp on the grounds for 100 retarded children. Neither a homebody nor a fashion plate, Eunice prefers to call in a caterer when she entertains and is more concerned about the warmth of the conversation than the heat of the *comme*. Though she is happier in pants than Paris couture, she dutifully wore Paris designs during her stay in France, and for her husband's acceptance speech last week she turned out in a black fishnet dress by Dior. Lithe and tawny, she still occasionally kicks off her shoes and takes part in family touch-footsball games; she is particularly noted for a deft maneuver of hauling in a pass and then ducking behind a tree to elude her pursuers.

An early riser, she often devotes the evening to paper work and then retires early. Once, when guests at a party in her Chicago apartment lingered beyond her bedtime, she organized a conga line, led it out the door and into the elevator, pushed the down button and then jumped out just before the doors closed. By the time the guests returned to pick up their wraps, Eunice was in bed. "Eunice is very admirable in many ways," says Sarge Shriver. "But if she were sitting here listening to me talk like this, she'd probably say, 'You fathead.'"

Eunice's approach is best summed up in her reaction to her husband's description of himself as a "romantic." "Sarge," she said, "that's because you weren't raised the way we were. We started with the idea that everybody out there is in one camp, and it's us against them." Shriver's other running mate is optimistic about the outcome of the election. After all, in Greek the name Eunice means "happy victory."

THE NATION

some of their gains. The Democrats hope that the traditional Jewish party loyalty—and sympathy for the have-nots—will eventually surface. In past elections Jews have threatened to vote what they perceived as their interests but have ended up voting what they regarded as their conscience. While Nixon will make inroads with the more conservative, lower-income groups, McGovern is expected to outdistance his rival with younger, better-educated Jews who are hostile to Nixon because of the Viet Nam War.

Still, McGovern will have no more difficult campaign chore than to persuade Jews to vote for him. Once a dirty word among Jews, Nixon has decidedly

spruced up. If Jews have become less liberal, the President has become more so. Somewhere along the way, they may have met. "Did you ever think you'd live to see Richard Nixon having dinner with Chou En-lai?" asks Lawrence Goldberg, director of the Jewish division of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. "This isn't the Nixon of the '50s. Jews have heard Hubert Humphrey talking about arms reductions for 20 years. But who gets the SALT talks going? Richard Nixon." If Richard Nixon can also win a solid chunk of the Jewish vote, it will be a feat scarcely less audacious—or less significant for American politics—than meeting Chou for dinner.

often cite his aggressive oratory. Retired Commercial Artist James C. Keehl of Clinton, Mich., claims Agnew "uses words that don't fit the situation and can't back them up."

At the top of the ticket, the panel finds that McGovern's greatest strength is his personality, often described as "warm" or "sincere." Even one out of five Republicans finds McGovern personally appealing. By contrast, many Republicans are unimpressed by the Nixon personality. Says Nixon backer Mrs. Charles Ream of Millersport, Ohio: "I can't explain it. He tries, but he just doesn't have it. His personality leaves me cold." If the campaign turns out to focus on personality, McGovern's chances apparently would improve. "He doesn't doubletalk; he knows how to make himself a part of the people rather than just a politician," argues Billing Clerk Lynda Bialy, a young voter in Buffalo, N.Y. Surprisingly, only one out of seven who expect to vote for McGovern will do so on the basis of any specific issue, although inconsistently, two-thirds of the panel predict that the campaign will be fought primarily on issues. For the first time in these surveys, there is some significant opinion among Democrats (one out of seven) that McGovern may be too radical on issues. Bookkeeper Jeanette Senkowski of Redford Township, Mich., thinks McGovern "changes his positions too often; whatever the polls say, he will do."

Nixon is credited by almost three out of four voters of both parties as having a strong record in foreign affairs, citing his trips to China and the Soviet Union. "He had the guts to go and talk with them," says Bookkeeper Inger Aasen, a St. Helena, Calif., Republican. "And Henry Kissinger is an able, brilliant aide." But on economic affairs, Nixon has just as many critics as defenders. A third of his supporters are critical of his economic policies, often claiming that he has failed to check inflation. A greater liability may be what half of the panel consider Nixon's lack of credibility; even four out of ten of his backers complain of this. One of them, Carol Terry, a Plainville, Conn., housewife, says: "He hasn't informed us enough to keep us abreast of what's going on." A minority view is that of Hotel Desk Clerk Mrs. Irene Wells of Pinellas Park, Fla., who declares, "Some things it doesn't help us to know."

Not Safe. There is a general feeling on the panel that both candidates must beware of assassination attempts this year. "It's not safe to campaign any more," says Insurance Man Herman Allen of Indianapolis. More than half of those interviewed would actually prefer, partly for safety reasons, that the candidates campaign by television rather than by touring the nation. But Real Estate Broker Louis L. Lord of Auburn, N.Y., argues that "you don't really know a candidate till you have him on your home grounds."

TIME Citizens' Panel

The Voters Assess the Two Tickets



RUSSELL WELLS



AASEN



REAM



TERRY



LOD

The Eagleton affair has severely but perhaps only temporarily hurt the presidential candidacy of George McGovern, at least in the minds of the TIME Citizens' Panel. In another of a series of surveys conducted for TIME by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., the panel was interviewed after the Missouri Senator's past mental treatments had been revealed and McGovern had asked him to resign from the vice-presidential race. The panel consisted of 302 citizens chosen randomly from a scientifically selected cross-section of more than 2,500 voting-age Americans. Some of the findings:

MORE than half of the voters questioned, including both Republicans and Democrats, thought less of McGovern because of the Eagleton debacle. The reasons, however, were mixed. Of the panelists expressing an opinion on the matter, four out of ten thought McGovern should have investigated Eagleton more carefully in the first place; one-third were critical of McGovern's decision to drop him; one-fourth thought he displayed indecisiveness in handling the matter. Only one out of ten Democratic voters thought McGovern had emerged from the affair with a stronger candidacy than before.

McGovern showed a "terrible weakness" in dismissing Eagleton because "he was afraid that it would color his candidacy," contends Mrs. Laurell

Russell, a Democratic housewife from South San Gabriel, Calif., who liked McGovern before but is now undecided as to whom to vote for. In shifting from "1,000%" support of Eagleton to dropping him, McGovern "lied—and let me down," charges Student James Kauffman, an independent first-time voter from Avon Lake, Ohio. The sympathies of Mrs. John Campbell of Collingswood, N.J., were all with Eagleton because if "he didn't crack during that week, he certainly wouldn't have cracked in office." About the highest praise McGovern got from the group was the mild "I just think he handled it as best he could" view of Willie Peterson, a black student from Covert, Mich. There was, however, a significant feeling among Democrats that the McGovern staff should bear more blame than McGovern for the incident.

The survey also disclosed that Republicans have some problems with their vice-presidential candidate. The panel split almost evenly over whether it thought Vice President Spiro Agnew has been good in the office. One out of five Nixon supporters are bothered by Agnew's performance, and two out of five undecided voters were either undecided or held negative opinions about him. Those who praise Agnew often say, as does William Applegate, a television reporter from Youngstown, Ohio, that "he's one of the few outspoken men we have." Those who disapprove of him

The Great Wild Californicated West

It votes were cast with feet and tallies read off odometers, the West would win the U.S. popularity contest in a landslide. The 1970 census figures show that the population of mountain and Pacific states has increased by 24.1% since 1960, v. an increase on the other side of the Great Divide of only 11%. Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," is still being heeded by young and old alike, in spite of the fact that the "frontier" is now posted at intervals with tawny and fried-chicken stands. Ecologists point out that the very nature of the West—little water and enormous stretches of arid soil—makes it impossible to support the continued migration. Legislators, scientists and citizens are now openly concerned about the threat of "Californication"—the haphazard, mindless development that has already gobbled up most of Southern California. TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton recently spent two weeks traveling throughout the West, taking the measure of Californication and the attempts being made to stop it. Her report.

In a starkly beautiful New Mexico setting, a billboard catches the eye: UNDEVELOP! Undevelop! Out here in the middle of a desert where freeways lead only to mesas and mirages? Out here on the range where the skies are not smoggy all day? Minutes later, however, the message of the half-whimsical New Mexico Undevelopment Commission begins to make sense as the car whizzes past a transformer station. Utility poles grow stouter and taller, then pick up extra arms to hold more wires. The highway takes on another lane. Exit ramps and gas-station signs run closer together. The road cuts through the backyards of a hundred tract homes, passes the parking lots of the satellite shopping centers and suddenly rises above the city—affording a view of Albuquerque's ugly urban sprawl. The city's future and that of much of the rest of the once-wild West is written large upon a developer's billboard dead ahead: TOMORROW FOR SALE, 36 MILES, TURN LEFT.

Even those still separated from their nearest neighbor by hectares of sage and pine are beginning to band together under the big skies to practice thinking small and muster the strength to resist

or redirect the inevitable population growth. The old cowboys' plaint, "Don't fence me in," is fast giving way to the environmentalists' plea, "Please fence them out." Conservation groups fantasy building one-way overpasses straight through to Canada to keep Californians out of Oregon, or constructing an adobe wall around New Mexico to keep the Texans from straying in, and worse, staying.

The concern over Californication has led to a reverse sell. After decades of come-hither promotion, Westerners are beginning to unsell their own states. Seattle Attorney Irving Clark Jr. passes through lunch-hour crowds flashing his THINK SMALL, LESSER SEATTLE button. Oregon's spoofing James G. Blaine Society says of its own "Mag-net" state: "You can always tell when it's summer in Oregon—the rain gets warm." Oregon Governor Tom McCall is even more hard-nosed. "The concept of earlier decades was population growth at all costs," says McCall. "Well, that cost is now proving too much to pay, and we want none of that in Oregon." McCall started to tell tourists two years ago, "Come visit us, but for heaven's sake don't come here to live." Now he adds, "Soon we're probably going to have to say 'Don't even visit.'"

Colorado is also feeling the pinch of oversell. Through deliberate policy, Boulder has preserved the towering "flatiron" slabs to the west that give the city its name, but in all other directions it is bubbling over. Members of a Zero Population Growth chapter in Boulder, which once gloried in the title "Nicest Small Town in the U.S.," recently proposed a charter amendment that would set a ceiling of 100,000 on the population (current pop. 72,000). Though the amendment was voted down, concern is spreading. Denver now has more cars per capita than Los Angeles, and many Denverites are looking forward with dread to the 1976 Winter Olympics. A proposal to withhold state funds for the Games will appear on the ballot in November. Says Colorado Democratic

* The James G. Blaine Society's sole purpose is to keep outsiders out of Oregon. Besides advertising the state's natural beauty, the society also cautions of tick paralysis and an occasional quicksand alert. It chose its name because of its "antique flavor" rather than for any attributes of Blaine himself (1830-1893), a Republican Speaker of the House, Senator, presidential nominee and twice Secretary of State.

Representative Richard Lamm: "We are beginning to overcome a whole heritage of mindless Chamber of Commerce promotionalism."

The scare has even spread to Montana, which has grown only 2.9% in the past ten years. The signs are still friendly here: WELCOME TO BOZEMAN—15,000 FRIENDLY PEOPLE AND A FEW SORE-HEADS. But some already see the schlock over the horizon. One group of property owners is now suing former TV Newscaster Chet Huntley's Big Sky of Montana, Inc., two federal agencies and a railroad to block a land exchange that they claim will allow private homes to be built on public forest land.

Entry Fees. Environmentalists have managed to turn one of the West's chronic disadvantages, lack of water, into a means of fighting the developers. New Mexicans are now pushing for legislation that would give them the legal wrench necessary to tighten the faucet on their scarce water supply, thereby limiting expansion. Think-tank experts envision even more extreme solutions. Rand Corp. Demographer Peter Morrison believes that the Federal Government may have to adopt population-distribution policies; if not, localities may resort to residency permits and migrant entry fees to prevent being "loved to death."

While the experts ponder, the current dilemma remains and can be read on the backs of the ever-multiplying automobiles that choke Western city streets. The license plates still brag about BIG SKY COUNTRY and LAND OF ENCHANTMENT, but the bumper stickers inches away now plead SAVE THIS ENVIRONMENT—KEEP OUT OR DON'T CALIFORNICATE COLORADO. The odds are good, of course, that the stickers were applied by people who recently immigrated themselves. As Brant Calkin, a Santa Fe Sierra Club official observes: "Everybody wants to be the last son of a bitch to move in."

NEW MEXICAN UNDEVELOPER



MIDDLE EAST

The New Perils of Peace

YOU'VE never had it so good," Israel's prestigious newspaper *Ha'aretz* told its readers last week as it editorially noted the second anniversary of the Suez Canal cease-fire. Few Israelis would disagree. Not only has there been no shooting along the canal, but terrorism by Arab fedayeen is down sharply, and, most important, the threat of a confrontation with Russia was removed when Soviet forces withdrew from Egypt. For the first time in all of its 24 years, Israel had no challenger in the Middle East—and in many ways was finding the new situation more difficult to cope with than the threat of war.

As Israelis looked on last week, relations between Egypt and the Soviet Union deteriorated to what Beirut's *An Nahar* called "the cold war stage." Each country recalled its ambassador from the other's capital for consultations, and when Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev sent a note to Egypt's President Anwar Sadat urging "consolidation" of their "friendship," Cairo spokesmen publicly said that it offered "no new channels." Meantime, top U.S. officials speculated that the Soviet pullout may have gone further than Sadat originally intended—that when he asked the military advisers to leave, the Soviets took their air defense units too. Since those Soviet missiles had stopped Israel's penetration raids into Egypt in 1970, the effect was to leave that country at the mercy of the Israeli air force.

Sharp Division. Israel thus had an unprecedented opportunity to seek real peace with its neighbors. So far, the government has shown no signs of wanting to seize that opportunity. To be sure, no one expected serious negotiations to begin until after the U.S. elections. Even Egypt's Premier Aziz Sidky and Foreign Minister Murad Ghaleh have indicated that they see no hope for the mission of United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring, which is supposed to get under way again this month. But Israel's response to the Soviet withdrawal has been to stand pat, publicly calling for direct negotiations in full knowledge that Egypt would refuse; Cairo considers direct talks tantamount to Israel's dictating the terms of peace.

Yet behind its facade of unity, Israel's Cabinet is sharply divided on just what terms to offer. At issue is the question of the territories—Egypt's Sinai and Gaza Strip, Jordan's West Bank and the Arab quarter of Jerusalem, Syria's Golan Heights—that Israel has occupied since the 1967 war. Israel has so far refused to budge from those territories on the grounds that it needs se-

cure borders against the Arabs. But what happens when that threat is removed? Three factions in the Israeli Cabinet suggest different solutions:

► One faction is led by Premier Golda Meir and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan. They want to maintain the status quo—in effect to keep all or most of the occupied territories. Last month, at a meeting of Labor Party leaders, Dayan demanded what one



ARAB SIT-IN AT BIRAM TO PROTEST ISRAELI GOVERNMENT ORDERS

critic called "practical annexation." Dayan would like to create an economic union between those Arab areas and Israel, with a free flow of labor and capital. Arabs would be allowed autonomy on purely local matters.

► A second group is headed by Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, and includes among others Haim Bar-Lev, former chief of staff of the Israeli army and now Minister of Trade and Industry. They propose, at least as an interim arrangement, the four-year-old "Allon Plan," under which most of the occupied West Bank would be returned to Jordan, except for fortified Israeli settlements along the Jordan River.

► The third group is led by Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir. They argue that integration of the occupied territories would give Israel a troublesome Arab minority and threaten the country's existence as an independent Jewish state. They advocate returning all of the occupied territories except for Jerusalem and the Golan Heights.

Although they are in a minority in the Cabinet at the moment, the doves have backing from the secretary-general of the powerful trade-union organization Histadrut. They could also gain

strength from the fact that Mrs. Meir's relationship with Dayan is decidedly cool. "I never know how I stand with him," she said only two weeks ago. Dayan in the past has been heard to complain that the Premier had a "vocabulary limited to 200 words, which are being repeated by her again and again because of a queer belief that they are being well received by the public."

Which faction comes out ahead may well be decided by domestic instead of diplomatic concerns. Problems long submerged in Israel's siege mentality are surfacing. The economy is uncertain. The need to spend 40% of the budget on defense is being questioned.

Demands are rising for better housing, health and education facilities. "In simplest terms," explains a Bank of Israel official, "the less need we have for guns, the greater demand there will be for butter." Already days lost by strikes this year threaten to set a new record; chocolate makers and coffee roasters were out last week and so were milkmen, dock workers and the government social security workers.

Another of Israel's perils of peace, ironically, is how not to appear too secure. The country has already begun to make economic adjustments: overtime for 10,000 defense-plant workers has ended after five years because Israel has caught up on ammunition supplies. The next move will be to trim the budget without damaging the economy. But a fifth of Israel's \$3.1 billion in revenues comes from State of Israel bonds purchased by Jews living abroad, or from private foreign donations. The donations are easier to get, a government budget expert frankly admits, for "an Israel facing a new Auschwitz rather than an Israel facing peace."

Beyond their territorial and economic concerns, Israelis are increasingly disturbed by the fact that the 400,000 Arab citizens of Israel may be doomed



DAYAN & MRS. MEIR IN KNESSET

Arabs reclaim their land, ruled again with her Cabinet that they could not go home. Protests over the government's decision have been widespread. Ailon voted against it. Greek Catholic Archbishop Joseph M. Raya, who is leading the fight to let the villagers return, accused Israel of disregarding "basic human justice." He wrote to Mrs. Meir: "As some Jews in the past history of the western world recognized that the only way to become full citizens was to become Christians, must now Arabs become Jews to enjoy the fullness of citizenship of the very land of their birth?" A delegation of Israeli intellectuals, headed by Poet and News-paper Columnist Haim Hefer, 47, met for nearly eight hours with Mrs. Meir—and threatened to become a permanent body of opposition.

In short, Israel's internal problems of peace are outdistancing its problems with its neighbors. "The Labor Party is called upon to decide what kind of state it wants," *Haaretz* editorialized recently, "and this decision cannot be put off



ISRAELI SOLDIERS WATCHING EGYPTIANS ACROSS THE SUEZ CANAL
A new situation more difficult to cope with.

to second-class citizenship in a Jewish state. The issue flared up with ferocity two weeks ago, when Arabs born in the border villages of Biram and Ikrit near Lebanon tried to return to their homes after a 24-year absence. They had fed and sheltered Israeli soldiers during the 1948 war, but at Israeli insistence they were evacuated to deny Arab terrorists a "safe house." For security reasons, argues the government, they have never been allowed to return, although no one in either place has ever committed a rebellious act toward Israel. Most of their land has been reapportioned among Jewish settlements.

After the affair was revived this summer, Mrs. Meir, fearful of setting a precedent for letting other Palestinian

indefinitely." Sensitive to the criticism, the government is preparing to advance the next national election, scheduled for November 1973, to March or April, as a means of obtaining a necessary new mandate more quickly. The precise timing of the election will be decided later this month, after Party Leader and Finance Minister Sapir returns from a visit to South America. At present, Mrs. Meir, 74, seems likely to be the compromise candidate for another term as Premier, if only to avoid an open fight among such potential successors as Dayan, Ailon, Sapir and Eban. But before the balloting is over and a mandate established, the perils of peace that Israel has postponed for so many years will be fully and loudly debated.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Campaign of Brutality

More than a decade of large-scale fighting in Southeast Asia has left many Americans with the impression that the war-weary South Vietnamese, if given a free choice, would gladly exchange a military dictatorship in Saigon for a Communist regime if they could get peace in the bargain. To hear some antiwar activists tell it, Hanoi's forces are benevolent friends of the South Vietnamese population. Well, not quite. The fact is that the North Vietnamese have sometimes been shockingly brutal in their treatment of South Vietnamese who happened to be under their control.

During the 1968 *l'et* offensive, for instance, the Communists executed more than 3,000 South Vietnamese in the former capital of Hué. Even though the brutality has been on a smaller scale during this year's Easter offensive, the Communists have murdered at least 200 people and imprisoned 6,000 in the Communist-controlled portion of Binh Dinh province. Allied intelligence officials believe that the number executed will surpass 500 before the whole of the province has been retaken by the South Vietnamese.

For the most part, the victims were local officials whom the enemy wanted to eliminate either because they were especially effective in their jobs, or because they were so unpopular that the Viet Cong could win favor by killing them. The primary motive for the show trials and the brutalities, reports TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch, "appears to have been to wreck whatever allegiance the government might have built up, and there are few more effective ways of mitigating allegiance than to bury four dozen loyal men alive"—as happened in the town of Bong Son. Some examples:

► In Hoai Nhon district, 300 townpeople were herded together in front of a village school and designated a "people's court." They were invited to denounce the crimes of a man named Phung Sao, who had been in charge of the town's military affairs under the Saigon government. A few villagers accused Sao of using his position to assassinate a number of revolutionary cadres. The "president" of the court declared, "The people have decided that Sao will be executed for crimes against the people." In less than an hour, Sao's bullet-ridden body was turned over to his widow, who had been obliged to watch both the trial and the execution.

► In the middle of a Binh Dinh tea plantation, a Viet Cong court declared that 20 defendants owed a "blood debt to the people." The result: at a midnight gathering in the local sports stadium, three of the prisoners were shot to death by a Viet Cong platoon leader. The other 17 were given prison sentences ranging from two to five years.

► In Vinh Phung hamlet, 42 police-

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men were reportedly executed in a mass ceremony; another was beheaded, and his body was hung from a tree beside a police station. A hamlet chief was disemboweled in Kontum.

The Communists in Binh Dinh apparently set up a complete administrative machine when they took over. Each Liberation Front cadre was in charge of a special "branch," such as military proselytizing; about 160 young men of draft age were sent to reinforce V.C. units near Kontum. The Communists also put just about everybody to work. In many districts, each adult was obliged to contribute about 20 kilos of rice to the Communists, and each landowner was taxed another 20 kilos for each 360-square-meter parcel he owned. In addition, each family was made to contribute two extra kilos of rice. The surtax went to support local V.C. elements.

The five-month-old Easter offensive is not yet over, but officials in Saigon are already talking about the "next phase" in the war. It will be characterized, many believe, by heightened Communist political activity—including more murders of government functionaries. Such murders committed in wartime do not necessarily imply a bloodbath if the Communists should eventually come to power in Saigon—which is what many in the Nixon Administration fear and predict. But they certainly indicate that the Communists' brutal efforts to destroy the effectiveness of the Saigon government at the local level will continue for the time being. "I'm betting," says one U.S. intelligence official in Saigon, "that we'll see a lot more of this sort of thing in the next two months. I think Binh Dinh will be repeated."

The Two-Tier Plan

One of the better-kept secrets in Washington has been what was said during Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger's recent meetings in Paris with North Viet Nam's chief negotiators, Le Due Thieu and Xuan Thuy. But one Administration official remarked last week that Hanoi has begun to conduct "a sort

of flirtation." That is, the North Vietnamese have indicated just enough interest in a cease-fire and compromise settlement to put Administration policymakers to the task of finding a broad set of proposals that would give Hanoi "an option on the future through a process of political evolution."

A translation of that line goes roughly like this: The North Vietnamese reject President Nixon's proposal for a military settlement, involving a cease-fire in place and a unilateral U.S. withdrawal in return for the release of American prisoners of war, because that would not settle the central question—control of South Viet Nam following a cease-fire. Hanoi wants Washington to get rid of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu as a condition for a settlement. Washington in turn is seeking a formula that would permit the U.S. to withdraw militarily while leaving the political settlement to Saigon and Hanoi. In other words, the U.S. would be willing to leave things so that Hanoi has a fair chance of getting rid of Thieu by itself—without, however, the U.S.'s doing the North's dirty work.

Thieu-Teared. One of the latest approaches is U.S. proposal for a "two-tier" government for South Viet Nam. One Saigon government would control the non-Communist portion of the South and another would run the Communist-held parts—perhaps including all or most of Quang Tri and Binh Dinh provinces and a slice of Military Region II along the Laotian border.

Such a plan would presumably cover only a transitional period during which the two governments would negotiate with each other as equals—though the Communist group would in fact be Hanoi's representatives. The plan neatly circumvents Hanoi's refusal to talk directly with Saigon. It also meets Washington's demand that a coalition government must not be forced upon Saigon. U.S. military aid to Saigon would probably be strictly limited to defensive weapons. Since the plan would almost certainly result in the resignation of Thieu, it has been described by one Washington wag as be-

ing in reality a Thieu teared plan."

Thieu is well aware that such proposals could lead to his eventual sacrifice. Evidently girding himself for political battles to come, he acquired emergency powers last June, and last week decreed a set of harsh new restrictions on the freedom of the South Vietnamese press. Saigon's 27 dailies must henceforth deposit \$50,000 as security against libel suits or government fines. The effect is that about half of them—and most of the opposition newspapers—will be forced to close.

Hanoi is certainly considering a cease fire, as captured documents attest. They outline a plan for isolating Saigon and seizing power from a coalition government. Yet despite the fact that they stand to gain from a cease-fire, the North Vietnamese have given no indication of immediate interest.

Why? One theory holds that the North Vietnamese are waiting until they can better judge the prospects of Senator George McGovern's candidacy. If by mid-fall Nixon seems assured of re-election, the North Vietnamese might begin to bargain. But if McGovern seems strong, they might prefer to hold out until he reaches the White House. Or perhaps they still believe that, with time on their side, they need make no compromise with their long-term objectives. In any case, U.S. officials see little chance of real progress in Paris before late September or early October.

UNITED NATIONS

Goodbye, Confucius

In one of the oddest administrative tricks in its history, the United Nations Secretariat disclosed last week that it was excising all references to Taiwan and the Nationalist Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek from U.N. documents, including statistical works.

The man behind the decision was Secretary General Kurt Waldheim, who apparently caved in to Chinese pressure on the eve of his visit to Peking last week. The Chinese argued that last year's General Assembly resolution expelling Taiwan had automatically applied to all branches of the U.N., including the Statistical Office. The argument was nonsense, since U.N. reference works have always included data about non-members—including China before it was admitted—and disputed territories. Nonetheless, the Chinese were adamant and won their battle.

On top of that, bronze plaque bearing the words "Gift of the Republic of China" was removed from a green marble slab outside the delegates' lounge. The marble slab, which the Nationalist Chinese had given to the U.N. in 1968, bore a quotation from Confucius envisioning a world commonwealth in which mutual confidence and neighborliness prevail."

"They still want us to lose a little face, namely his . . ."



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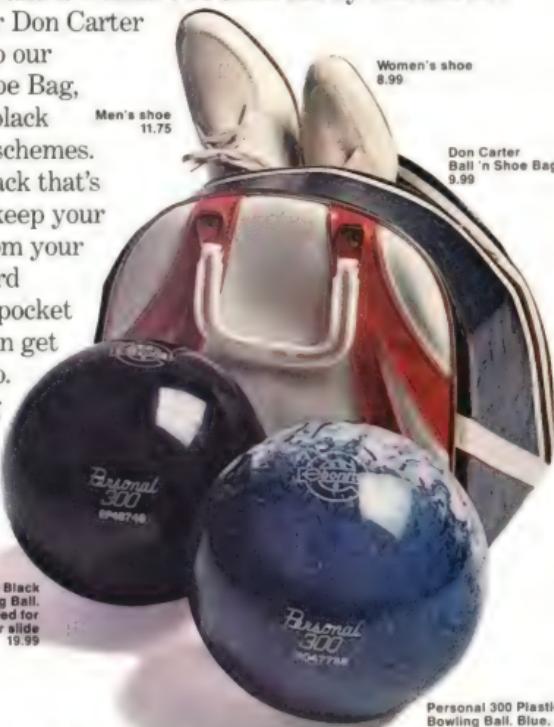


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CHINA

Quotations from Mao

Just before China's Defense Minister, Lin Piao, staged an abortive *coup d'état* last fall, Chairman Mao Tse-tung made a month-long tour of the provinces, informally telling party leaders about his continuing political troubles with his subordinates and his clashes with Heir Apparent Lin. A transcript of Mao's rambling remarks, circulated by Peking's Central Committee last spring, was smuggled to Taiwan, where it was released last week. Excerpts

ON LIN AND THE ARMY. Lin Piao says that the People's Liberation Army was created and led by Mao, but is commanded by Lin. I say that what has been created [by the people] cannot be commanded by one person—even by me

ON HIGH POLITICAL OFFICE. I am against setting up a powerful presidency. I do not want to be president. I have said that on six occasions: they don't want to listen.

ON TROUBLES WITHIN THE LEADERSHIP. Ten times over the years, men in our party have stirred up things, creating splits. I think it is possible that there will be similar stir-ups another ten, 20, 30 times. Do you believe this or not? You do not believe this? I do

ON ERRORS. Some comrades have been deceived by the splitters. The question of being hoodwinked has nothing to do with you provincial leaders. This is Peking's problem. It does not matter that mistakes have been made. Our party has a rule: we hold examinations of wrongdoers, then we allow them to correct their errors.

ON SECRETARIES AND SUBORDINATES. I do not approve of having one's own wife working as office manager of her husband's work unit. In Lin Piao's place, Yeh Chun [Lin's wife] is the office manager. His subordinates have to go through her to consult with him on any question. [Yeh and the subordinates have since been purged.] To do any real work you have to rely on yourself: move your own hands, see with your own eyes, mark documents in your own handwriting. Do not rely on secretaries! Do not let secretaries have too much power. My secretary controls only the comings and goings of documents: I myself select the documents for my own reading. What I want done, I do myself, to avoid misunderstandings.

ON CADRES AS STUDENTS. I hope that from now on you will all read more books. Senior cadres do not even know what is materialism and what is not. How would you know? It is not easy to read books on Marxism-Leninism. What is to be done? You could ask a teacher for help. You are all secretaries; you should all be students. At present I myself am a student every day, reading daily two reference books, to gain a little international knowledge.

"One of Lenin's most famous pamphlets is entitled *What Is to Be Done?*"



PRIME MINISTER GANDHI



NEHRU & GANDHI (1946)

INDIA

An Austerely 25th Birthday

NEW DELHI had planned to put on a dazzling show for this week's 25th anniversary of India's independence from Britain. Lights were to be strung along the domes and arches of the massive red and beige sandstone government buildings in the capital; batteries of floodlights would bathe the buildings in India's national colors of orange, white and green. Then, shortly before the workmen were finished, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi frugally ordered the lights kept to a minimum. With inflation and the specter of another disastrous drought uppermost in many Indians' minds, the celebrations will be fittingly austere.

Mrs. Gandhi's directive unerringly caught the mood of her countrymen as they assessed the painfully slow progress of the last quarter-century—and perceived lessons for the next one. It is difficult to overestimate the hope, not only of its own millions but of many peoples round the globe, that accompanied India's birth as the world's largest democracy. "A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history," declared Jawaharlal Nehru in one of his most eloquent speeches on that historic independence eve 25 years ago, "when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance."

So much hope invested in a venture fraught with so many pitfalls was bound to yield disappointments, and it is not to slight India to say that as a nation it is still largely a promise unfulfilled. It has yet to become a modern power with a commanding presence on the world stage. Yet the distance India has trav-

eled is truly measurable only by the distance it had to go. For months after that August midnight in 1947, it looked as if the newborn nation would never even make it through the first year.

The cause of it all was the partition of British India into two independent countries: Moslem Pakistan and predominantly Hindu India. Horrendous communal massacres broke out, and many more people became casualties in probably the greatest refugee exodus in history as 12 million Moslems and Hindus crossed the borders into the land of their choice. Partition left a legacy of lasting bitterness between the two countries that has since culminated in four wasteful wars. To complicate matters further, six months after independence, Mahatma Gandhi, who had inspired and directed the march toward freedom, was assassinated.

Consumer Society. Gandhi's successor, the Cambridge-educated Brahman Nehru, guided the new nation for 17 years and personally pushed through a raft of remarkable social changes. He saw to it that the 1950 constitution outlawed the age-old caste of the untouchables and guaranteed that the state shall not discriminate on the grounds of race, caste, sex or place of birth. At Nehru's insistence, Hindu women after 2,000 years were given the right to divorce and equal property rights. He even went so far as to order his Congress Party to establish quotas for the number of women candidates to run for office. In 1966, Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Gandhi, became the first woman in Indian history to lead the nation.

Despite Nehru's efforts, the position

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of the majority of women and *harijans* ("children of God," as Gandhi called the untouchables) in Indian society has not been greatly changed. Impressive educational advances have been made, but girls account for a vast majority of the children not in school. Accordingly, the literacy rate among women is a mere 18% compared with 39% for males. The 80 million *harijans*, moreover, still do mostly menial tasks and frequently live in segregated areas.

The most visible change in India since independence is in the beginnings of a consumer society. Bicycles, wrist-watches and sewing machines are now commonplace. TV has come to New Delhi, and will shortly be extended to other cities. The skylines of Bombay and Calcutta have been changed by high-rise buildings and factories that did not exist 25 years ago. Today manufacture jet planes, atomic reactors and computers. But perhaps the most important measure of the distance India has come is the fact that for the first time in history it has become self-sufficient in food production. Today the government has 9,000,000 metric tons of food stocks, the biggest hoard in its history, and more than enough to cope with the drought that has struck every five years for a century and is widely expected in 1972.

Averting famine in a land where millions perennially live on the edge of starvation is no small accomplishment. Yet according to recent government figures, half of India's 550 million people continue to live on less than \$2.76 a month. In south and east India, 15% of the hospital beds are filled by malnutrition cases, and some economists worry that Indian children will be so stunted by their poor diet that they will grow up to be a "nation of mediocrities." As Finance Minister Y.B. Chavan notes: "Eighty percent of the downtrodden have remained virtually untouched by the development process, and it would be perilous to ignore them."

Disparity Continues. Could the government have done better? In hindsight, some Indians now believe that Nehru placed undue emphasis on dams, electrical power projects and industrialization. "Gandhi said we should begin from the village upward and release the energies of the masses of the people," says Novelist Mulk Raj Anand. "Nehru and the Western-educated intelligentsia began with the cities and worked downward. So disparity continues. While we have jumbo jets, luxury automobiles and 100,000-guest wedding receptions, in many villages women have to walk a mile to get potable water for their badly lit homes." Indira Gandhi recently admitted that "some of the directions which we have taken in all good faith are not perhaps entirely adequate for the needs of our people."

It is, of course, all too easy now to fault Nehru for his vaulting ambition to create a modern India through industrialization that would make it indepen-



AP/WIDEWORLD

OLD & NEW IN BOMBAY
Perilous to ignore.

dent of the West. For one thing, his aim to a large degree has been accomplished: one of the reasons India was able to defeat Pakistan in last December's war was the fact that now can produce its own planes and weapons.

But the fact remains that as a land that is 80% rural, India must seek a greater return from its agriculture. As Planning Minister D.P. Dhar told TIME Correspondent James Shepherd last week: "Both wheels of the chariot have to move in unison and harmony. To develop agriculture we had to have technical development. Before we could have irrigation, we had to have power; we had to have roads so the farmer could get his produce to market, trucks to carry it, modernized credit facilities."

Over the years, Indian leaders have talked much of socialism, and no one more so than Mrs. Gandhi. She has nationalized the country's 14 banks and last year pushed through a constitutional amendment eliminating the maharajahs' privy purses, but she has yet to move to break up large agricultural holdings or redistribute wealth and property as she promised in her last campaign. One reason is that few any longer believe that public ownership, with its accompanying reams of red tape, will necessarily provide a panacea for India's problems. Indira's efforts have been aimed at generating greater production both in the private and public sector and hence providing greater employment while curbing inflation.

Another reason Mrs. Gandhi has not moved as rapidly as might be desired is that unlike her father, who was unchallenged in his leadership, she has

had to spend a good deal of her time fighting intraparty battles. Now that she has reshaped the Congress Party and achieved an ample majority both in the Parliament and in all but four of the 21 state houses, her programs are expected to have smoother sailing. Her next five-year plan, just announced, will address itself to rural development, including specific programs to create employment, improve education and public health, and build new homes for landless rural laborers.

Mrs. Gandhi has also given top priority to family planning since coming into national leadership in 1966. Had earlier Indian leaders given the program greater emphasis, India's population would not have grown disastrously from 344 million in 1947 to 550 million today. Nonetheless, the slogan "Only two children" has seeped into the Indian consciousness, and the government estimates that there are 15 million fewer babies today than there would have been had family planning not been promoted during the past decade.

Thus, despite a harrowing beginning, India has not only survived its first 25 years, it has demonstrated remarkable resilience as a developing nation. Its disparate states, religious and ethnic groups (who speak 15 different languages) have managed to stay together. After six national elections, democracy has proved to be a rather sturdy institution. "Our greatest achievement is to have survived as a free and democratic nation," said Mrs. Gandhi in her anniversary message. "We have grown to maturity."

UGANDA

The Unwanted

"The night before my announcement a dream came to me that the Asian problem was becoming extremely explosive, and that God was directing me to act immediately to save the situation." Thus last week Uganda's mercurial President, General Idi "Big Daddy" Amin, explained his draconian edict: some 60,000 Asians—principally those from the Indian subcontinent who hold British passports—must quit the country within 90 days.

The expulsion order came as no great surprise to Uganda's Asians, long the target of Amin's criticism as he sought to win support by stirring up antagonism against them among the country's 9.4 million blacks. Now he charged that the Asians were "economic saboteurs," engaged in smuggling, black marketing, "encouraging corruption," running monopolies and currency frauds. "They only milked the cow; they did not feed it," he said. He decreed that businesses belonging to the expelled Asians will be turned over to Uganda's black citizens. Any Asians who stay beyond the deadline, Amin said ominously, would "be sitting in the fire."

Amin's rather wild-eyed proclamation was the latest explosion of enmity between East Africa's blacks and Asian immigrants, many of whom were similarly driven out of Kenya in 1967. Large numbers of Asians arrived in East Africa at the turn of the century to help build a railway inland from the port of Mombasa. By the time Uganda was granted independence by the British in 1962, the Asians, who were better educated and more enterprising than the majority of the Africans with whom they dealt, ran four out of five businesses in the country, and had monopolized the important coffee and cotton industries. Black Ugandans resented both the Asians' economic dominance and their social exclusiveness. Nonetheless, at least 23,000 of the estimated 90,000 Asians in Uganda in 1962 applied for Ugandan citizenship. Most of the rest retained their British passports.

Softened Stand. Amin's sudden decree last week threatened to upset the strict quota system—at present 3,500 household heads, plus their dependents, per year—that Britain in 1968 imposed on East African Asians. Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home conceded Britain's "special obligation" to those who held British passports, but hoped that London's duty could be fulfilled by an "orderly quota arrangement over the years." Others were unwilling to admit any obligation at all. M.P. Ronald Bell, a member of the Tory right-wing Monday Club, issued a statement declaring that "these so-called British Asians are no more and no less British than any Indian in the bazaars of Bombay."

Under British prodding, Amin softened his stand somewhat: physicians, dentists, lawyers, teachers and some technicians will be allowed to stay on in Uganda. For the rest, there is no place where they can expect a welcome. India will only take back Asians holding Indian passports. The British use a technique called "shuttlecocking" to keep unwanted Asians out, bouncing those who exceed the quota right back on planes the minute they land. Increasingly, European countries resent having rejected Asians dumped on them, as British-passport holders they are Britain's responsibility. Brussels police announced last week that any Asians sent back to Brussels after being refused entry to Britain would be returned immediately to a British airport.

There was little chance that Amin would change his mind, despite Britain's threat to withdraw its economic aid—\$10 million a year—if he carries out the expulsion. Amin declared that "Uganda will not stop functioning without British assistance." Perhaps not, but its economy could virtually come to a halt without the Asians. Amin warned his countrymen last week that there will be grave scarcities of goods and other hardships "while Uganda consolidates its position"—which may cancel out any political benefit he gains by expelling the Asian merchants.

THE CARIBBEAN

Jamaican Joshua

"Joshua, Joshua," shouted the crowd of 75,000 at an agricultural fair west of Kingston last week, as the tall, ramrod-straight politician with the familiar features began to speak. Many Jamaicans once regarded their former Prime Minister, Norman Manley—who died in 1969—as a kind of Moses who helped lead them to the promised land of independence ten years ago. Now they see his son as an appropriate successor. Addressing the massive rally, Prime Minister Michael Manley, 48, set forth what has become a chief theme of his young government: "What freedom really confers is the opportunity to be totally responsible for one's own fate."

Energetic and articulate, "young Michael" Manley has brought new confidence, style and warmth to the traditionally conservative island politics. Swept to a landslide victory over the Labor Party last February on a platform of "love power," he has used his office to persuade his countrymen to shed some of the unhappier legacies of British rule. "One of the greatest tragedies of the whole postcolonial period," he told *TIME'S* Bernard Dietrich, "is the tendency to come out of a dependent situation with a psychology of dependence." To help make the point, Manley has broken with the British shirt-and-tie tradition by wearing a *kareha*—a short-sleeved, open-neck jacket and matching pants outfit—in Parliament. He even wore one at his wedding last June to Radio and Television Announcer Beverly Anderson.

Manley has set himself no less task than that of freeing his countrymen from the colonial assumption that "somebody else is going to do it all for me." When workmen in Kingston recently balked at cleaning drainage ditches, Manley himself took up a shovel and began to dig. "All sorts of people who had refused to work later joined me," he recalled. "But if I had gone down in jacket and tie and made a great speech about the dignity of labor, they would have said: 'That's for the birds,' and they would have been right."

Jamaica, like most of the Caribbean islands, is beset by an unholy trinity of poverty, malnutrition and unemployment. The islands' economies are often tied to single crops—sugar and bananas—that fetch low prices on world markets. They cannot mechanize agriculture to cut costs and raise incomes because that would only aggravate unemployment, which runs as high as 25% in Jamaica. The result is low pro-

ductivity and per capita incomes that range from about \$65 a year in Haiti to \$555 in Jamaica, one of the more prosperous of the Caribbean islands.

Manley came to power proclaiming that "a man without a job is a man without rights," and he runs the risk of seeing his followers among Jamaica's poor turn against him unless he is able to fulfill some of the expectations he has aroused. The opposition Labor Party is in disarray; Manley's party controls 37 of 53 seats in the House. Even so, Manley has made only a promising start. He has launched several crash public-works programs, including new sidewalks for Kingston, and has appealed to Jamaica's own economists to find original solutions to the country's economic ills. One of the chief problems is agriculture; land reform, conservation and credit are all sorely needed. For the longer run, Manley is seeking to lessen Jamaica's reliance on exports of primary products and increase industrial processing, mining and tourism.

An "unashamed egalitarian," as he puts it, Manley grew up in an atmosphere of politics and art (his English-born mother is a sculptor). After serv-

ASTLEY CHIN



MANLEY & BRIDE
Love power.

vice in the Royal Canadian Air Force in World War II, he studied at the London School of Economics, then went to work for the BBC. His heroes: "Dad, Martin Luther King and Harold Laski." Manley returned to the island in 1952, became a labor negotiator, and did not run for Parliament until 1967. Though Manley today is "looking outward" to Third World nations (including Cuba), he still has his mind set on launching Jamaica firmly into the technological age. "I think that the moment a nation becomes a nation," he says, "is the moment when it understands that to walk from here to there means that every man's foot has to move."

POLAND

Polonia, Come Home

Most Communist nations in Eastern Europe treat their former citizens who have emigrated to the West like lost souls at best and traitors at worst. A notable exception is Poland. The 19-month-old regime of Edward Gierk has actively encouraged friendly ties between "Polonia," as the Polish Diaspora is known, and the Polish People's Republic. That campaign is being intensified this summer as Poland faces a special tourist boom: émigrés and their descendants returning to the old country as visitors.

The chief instrument of Warsaw's policy of being friendly to Poles abroad is the Society for Liaison with Polonia, which sponsors an expanding number of cultural and educational exchanges, historical celebrations, tourist attractions and retirement plans. In effect, the Polonia Society's programs are a giant, state-run public relations venture, which the Polish government uses to make its peace with the approximately 1,500,000 native-born Poles living in other countries—many of whom fled when the Communists gained power after World War II—and the millions more of Polish descent whose parents and grandparents were forced to emigrate because of poverty and turmoil.

Few of the Polonia Society's projects overtly propagandize for Communism. Instead, most are clearly intended to cash in on the good will of Polish émigrés by inducing them to spend their hard currency in Poland and lobby for better Polish trade opportunities in their adopted lands.

Many of the schemes, particularly those that benefit Poland's depressed economy, are pitched toward the 12 million people of Polish extraction in the U.S. In order to help handle this summer's record number of Polish-American tourists (officials expect as many as 30,000), the Polish airline,

LOT, has put two new Soviet-built Ilyushin 62 jetliners on its charter service between U.S. cities and Warsaw. To attract émigrés, the state tourist agency, Orbis, is building a new resort—which includes Poland's first postwar golf course—in Warka, birthplace of an American Revolutionary War hero, Casimir Pulaski.

Many Polish-American tourists make the trip simply to visit relatives; others, particularly the younger visitors, are third- or fourth-generation Americans anxious to renew contact with their ancestral home. But an increasing number of elderly émigrés are returning to Poland for good, taking advantage of a government-sponsored bargain retirement program.

Resettlers Welcome. Polish-born pensioners who have spent most of their lives in the U.S. are allowed to re-establish residence in Poland without having to give up their American citizenship or even their Social Security benefits. They can take in their belongings, including cars, duty-free. Through special banks and stores dealing only in hard currency, they have access to goods and services unavailable to other Poles. Most Poles have to wait five to seven years for an apartment; "resettlers," as the emigrants-come-home are called, can buy a modern flat immediately for about \$2,500. Most important, U.S. Social Security payments are exchanged for zlotys at almost twice the official rate. Because of Poland's low cost of living, a modest American pension gives a resettler an income equivalent to that of a Polish doctor or university professor.

A typical resettler is Jan Dlugosz, 54, of Cleveland, who worked as a tailor until a car accident left him disabled two years ago. "In Cleveland, my monthly \$136 Social Security check barely covered the rent, not to mention living expenses and medical treatment," says Dlugosz. He now lives with his sister in Nowy Targ in southern Poland. Because of his income, he once

cramped, two-room wooden cabin now sprouts an overwhelming two-story brick-and-concrete wing with central heating, running water and modern appliances. And Dlugosz is cared for by the free state medical plan.

Most émigrés remain distrustful, if not antagonistic, toward Poland's Communist government; even so, Poles abroad have tended to side with Warsaw on issues involving nationalist aspirations, for example, international recognition of the Oder-Neisse Line as the country's Western border.

The ambivalent attitude of Polish-Americans toward their homeland is summed up by Aloysius Mazewski, 56, president of the Chicago-based Polish National Alliance (membership: 340,000). Mazewski is a conservative Republican who has no use for the regime of Party Boss Gierk, but he has lobbied actively in Congress for retention of Poland's most-favored-nation status. "The Polish Ambassador [to Washington] and the consul general [in Chicago] are *personae non grata* in our house," says Mazewski. "But we differentiate between them and the people of Poland, for whom we do whatever we can to ease the burden."

SOVIET UNION

The Jammers

Ever since the cold war began, the Soviet Union has been one of the world's leading broadcasters of radio propaganda. Even today, Moscow beams some 1,900 hours of radio per week at foreign audiences in more than 80 languages. Yet the Russians have always been exceedingly sensitive to foreign broadcasts beamed at them in return, and through the years they have traditionally jammed such broadcasts electronically.

Now, it turns out, they are worried about a new threat: the advent of satellite-transmitted television broadcasting. In a letter to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim last week, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko called for an international treaty to prohibit such broadcasting from one nation to another—except by mutual consent—as "interference in the internal affairs of other states."

Primarily, the Soviets are concerned about TV broadcasts from the U.S. and China that might some day be transmitted to Russia without a ground relay station. Any government is capable of jamming satellite TV broadcasts. Gromyko's proposal calls for the legalization of such jamming. By implication, it would also permit nations to destroy offending foreign satellites. The Soviets evidently intend to push hard for their proposal at this fall's General Assembly session. Western countries are bound to regard the Russian proposal as an outrageous attempt to paralyze the free international movement of thought.

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PEOPLE

The program called it "the greatest day in the history of British polo"—which seemed a bit much, considering that it rained and the British lost. Still, **Prince Charles**, 23, was making his debut in international polo as captain of the Young England team, challenging Young America. Charles scored one goal and helped push the game into overtime before the Americans won, 5-4. The U.S.'s Bengy Toda, matched against the Prince, was impressed: "He was a tough player, super down-to-earth, very regular." The Prince offered another opinion: "Very disappointing," he said, ducking under Princess Alexandra's umbrella.

Actress **Joan Hackett** was appalled by the evolution of New York's theater district. "Times Square is as evil as it can be," she said. "I was propositioned by a girl who looked about 17. It's not just money, working on Broadway, it's prestige—and it's no longer prestigious to be part of one large massage parlor." Sixty other theater people, including **Ruby Keeler** and **Robert Morse**, joined Joan in petitioning Mayor **John V. Lindsay** to establish an official red-light district remote from Broadway. After two months, the mayor solemnly wrote back that the idea might "deserve serious study" but was not "a feasible or workable suggestion at the present time."

To **Lawrence Ferlinghetti**, elder statesman among San Francisco hipsters, it seemed just another Establishment hassle that he had to get his car out of the pound, where it had been towed for illegal parking. But when the fuzz checked their files, Ferlinghetti suddenly found himself behind bars on a 1970 charge of selling pornography. As principal owner of the City Lights bookstore, he had been cited as a co-defendant after the clerk was busted for selling *Zap Comics*. Before the last hearing, though, the clerk was killed in a motorcycle accident. "So," said Ferlinghetti, "I thought the case had been dismissed." Two days later, the case actually was dismissed, leaving the poet free but still fuming. "It was an absurd incident," he declared. "We might sue the city just on principle."

Lovely, rich **Amanda Burden**, 28, of New York's Beautiful People, filed last June for divorce from City Councilman **Carter Burden**, descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. But with a jet-setter's impatience, Amanda flew off to Sun Valley, Idaho, where the ritual takes a mere six weeks. The change prompted gossip-column wonderings about a romance with Senator **Edward**



AMANDA BURDEN GOES WEST

M. Kennedy. "Nonsense," said the Senator, "people write this sort of thing about me all the time."

What the Republicans need, according to Jazz Vibraphonist **Lionel Hampton**, is a campaign song. Collaborating with **Elizabeth Firestone**, daughter of Tire Tycoon **Harvey Firestone**, Hampton has whipped up a 32-bar opus called *We Need Nixon*. Its conclusion: "In him and God we place our trust. Our man is Nixon, he's right on! Fixin' a better world for all of us." During performances with the Hampton Jazz Inner Circle, the composer passes out singles of his new ditty while the boys play Hampton specialties. What happens when Democrats disapprove of his offering? "Oh," says Hampton's manager, "for them we play the theme from *Shaft*."

Induction into Baseball's Hall of Fame is an occasion for hardened professionals to melt. "I thank everybody for making this day necessary," said **Yogi Berra**, wiping away a tear. The youngest player ever to be inducted, **Sandy Koufax**, 36, thanked the coach "who pushed me, shoved me, embarrassed me and made me work, and thank God for him." After similar expressions from **Lefty Gomez**, **Early Wynn** and **Buck Leonard**, it came time for the award to **Josh Gibson**, the greatest batter in the Negro leagues. Gibson died in 1947, but Josh Gibson Jr. was on hand to receive the plaque: "I want to say a personal word to my father: Wake up, Dad, you just made it in."



PRINCE CHARLES PLAYS POLO



PRINCESS GRACE GOES SWIMMING

All set for the annual relay races at the Monte Carlo Beach pool. The royal family won last year—**Prince Rainier** remaining regally dry on the sidelines—but this time 17 other local families provided more of a battle. Rainier's youngest daughter **Stephanie**, who is only seven, got off to a slow start, then **Princess Grace**, a somewhat plump 42, plunged in and gained a bit. **Alain**, 14, swam best of all, but he was barely able to pull the first family into second place.

Lots of Lutz

Ken Rosewall's drinking is confined to an occasional glass of beer. Stan Smith's most colorful expression is "Aw, shoot." Rod Laver does not even smoke. The tennis world has, in fact, sorely lacked an outstanding male player with personality to match since the heyday of dashing, temperamental Pancho Gonzales. Now there is a promising candidate for Pancho's old role. He is Breezy-Mannered Bachelor Bob Lutz, who last week became the first American in ten years to win the U.S. Professional Tennis Championship.

With his shag-style haircut and ag-

scoring the final point in a tense tie breaker with typically audacious anticipation of a cross-court drive. "Fortune favors daring," Lutz later explained. Lutz's other victims, in order, were New Zealander Brian Fairlie, Aussie Laver, South African Cliff Drysdale and Dutchman Tom Okker. Okker was out-hustled in the final by Lutz, who earned \$10,000 for his 6-4, 2-6, 6-4, 6-4 triumph.

Lutz has been playing tennis since his ninth birthday, when his father gave him a junior-size racket, a certificate for twelve lessons and a pat on the back. As a youngster in Southern California, he won regional and national singles titles. Then he entered the University of Southern California and became best known as Stan Smith's doubles partner. The pair won the national collegiate championships in 1967 and 1968; also in 1968 they took the U.S. Open and amateur titles and the first of three successive Davis Cup victories. Joining Texas Promoter Lamar Hunt's pro troupe in 1971, Lutz was no sudden sensation. In fact, before this month, he had won just one of the troupe's tournaments. But his Longwood triumph seemed more of a weather-vane than a fluke. At a time when some of the established stars appear to be slipping, Lutz seems to be on the climb—despite a loss in the first round of a Cleveland tournament later last week.

"Lutz's real ability is his strength," says Rosewall, the master tactician and most durable of the pros. "He can play even the most difficult shots with simple strength. And he's got age on his side." Relaxing in Cleveland last week in a blue and pink striped Pierre Cardin shirt, blue velvet blazer and color-coordinated bell-bottoms, Lutz attributed his sudden rise to a newfound confidence. "Tennis is 70 to 80 percent psychological," he said. "After you beat Rosewall or Laver once, you say to yourself, 'I can do it again.'"

Nice Guys Finish Last

The way of wills between World Chess Champion Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R. and Challenger Bobby Fischer of the U.S. took a subtle but significant turn in Reykjavik, Iceland, last week. Boris, rumored to be suffering from deafness, professed a new-found determination: "The first half of this match was not very interesting for me. The second half will be." The usually difficult, demanding Bobby, on the other hand, seemed downright congenial. After taking a commanding lead in the match, Fischer at one point uncharacteristically consented to attend a cocktail party at the U.S. Information Agency in Reykjavik. Reports that he "mixed well" worried Fischer fans. As Bobby watchers know, the more complacent he be-

comes, the less effectively he plays.

Sure enough, battling Boris attacked benevolently Bobby with a vengeance in the eleventh game. Fischer, playing black, followed the same risky, pawn-snatching opening that he had got away with in the seventh game, apparently believing that Spassky and his team of analysts had not yet worked out a suitable reply. Fischer was wrong. On the 25th move, Bobby suffered the humiliation of having his ambushed queen cut down by a lowly pawn. Though hopelessly lost, he played on for six more moves before resigning. "Fischer has never been knocked out as he was by Spassky," gloated one Soviet grand master.

The twelfth game was a shocker of a different sort. For the first 16 moves, Fischer and Spassky duplicated a game played in 1936 between World Champion José Capablanca and Swedish Grand Master Gideon Stahlberg. Then Spassky, playing black, deviated and skillfully held off Fischer until both players agreed to call the game a draw after 55 moves. Before the 13th game, Fischer began complaining about the air-conditioning and the autograph hounds. Because of what he called "excessive spectator noise" in the playing hall, he demanded that the first seven rows of seats be left empty. Fischer, the Bobby watchers were quick to note, had again become his old surly, unbeatable self.

Spassky found that out soon enough in the 13th game. Apparently surprised by Fischer's Alekhine defense, a variation the challenger rarely plays, Spassky faltered in the early going and Bobby seized and held the initiative until the game was adjourned after 41 moves. After a long night of analyzing the position, the two players resumed play the next day in the most harrowing, hard-fought encounter in the match so far. Though behind, Spassky repeatedly countered the menaces of Fischer's advancing pawns with some brilliantly conceived threats of his own. Finally, however, after 74 moves and nearly nine hours of play, Bobby's multifaceted assault proved too formidable and Boris resigned. That gave Fischer an 8-to-5 lead (as challenger he needs 12½ points to win; Spassky needs 12) and a seemingly insurmountable advantage—barring any further attacks of congenitality, that is.

Chichester's Albatross

He was, they said, too old (70) and too ill (suffering from what had been vaguely described as a blood disease) to take part in last month's singlehanded transatlantic sailboat race. But Gloie Girdler Sir Francis Chichester sailed off anyway, was reported missing for several days, and became the object of extensive air and sea searches before he was located and helped back to port. Stung by continuing criticism, the aging mariner has now clearly identified his albatross—cancer of the spine—and



LUTZ IN ACTION AT LONGWOOD
Support for his smile.

uline nose, 24-year-old Lutz looks like a cross between Actress Jane Fonda and former Baseball Swinger Ken ("The Hawk") Harrelson. His hazel eyes are as adept at staring soulfully at a pretty girl across a crowded room as they are at following a speeding ball across a net. Then there is the Lutz smile, or smirk, that has helped make him the idol of tennis "groupies." On court, he contends, the smile helps him relax. But it is the sort of constant expression that can get on an opponent's nerves, especially if it is backed up by consistently strong strokes. For much of Lutz's adult playing career, the smile has lacked that kind of support. But not in the pro title matches at the Longwood Cricket Club near Boston.

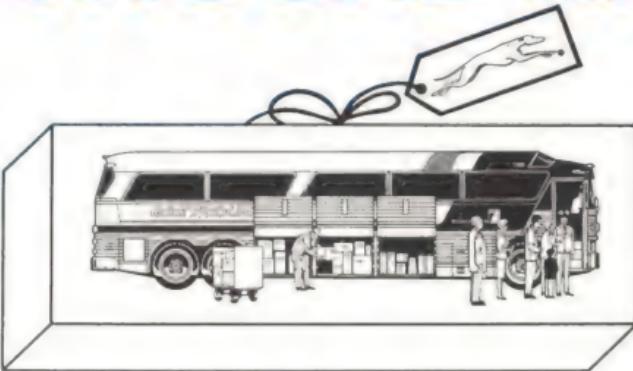
Displaying a devastating assortment of backhand shots, unseeded Lutz vanquished some formidable opponents. He knocked out top-seeded John Newcombe of Australia in the first round.

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CHICHESTER RETURNS FROM RACE
Defense for his entry.

attempted to justify his entry in the race.

In a straight-to-the-point letter to the *Times* of London, written from his bed at the Royal Naval Hospital in Plymouth, Sir Francis explained: "After returning from my round-the-world trip in 1967, an illness developed and in due course it was discovered that I had a malignant growth near the base of my spine. The tumor spread to involve my spine and later other bones. With the help of appropriate treatment I have been fighting this trouble, and on the whole it has been a successful fight—because it did not prevent me from building a new yacht and improving the singlehanded-long-distance world speed record which I had held since 1967."

However, the growth presented two particular problems. "It made me become anemic and secondly, as the bones were increasingly affected, it became increasingly painful." He injected himself with a painkiller, but discovered that "under its influence, I could not think clearly and in particular could not rely on my calculations." Thus Sir Francis decided to quit the race, "not because of hazard to myself, but because of the risks to others if I passed out, which seemed probable." Those risks taken by his rescuers were really unnecessary, Sir Francis intimated. "Although I shall always be grateful for the kindness and skill of the help I received from the Royal Navy in removing the damaged mizzenmast and sailing back, I still believe I would have made it alone." Yet Sir Francis will probably follow doctors' orders and not go sailing alone again for at least a year. A singlehanded voyage before then, wrote the Old Man of the Sea, would likely end "in a spinaker run across the Styx from which there is no return."

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Of Moose and Men

Moose Lodge 107 in Harrisburg, Pa., which does not allow blacks into its sanctuary, has become the center of some high-powered legal controversies. In June the Supreme Court considered whether the lodge's state liquor license amounted to unconstitutional governmental action in support of discrimination. The Justices concluded that it did not, and that the Moose could continue discriminating as a private club. Two weeks ago, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, considering a different claim, ruled that since the lodge allowed guests and rented its facilities to other organizations, it was a public accommodation under state law and so must stop discriminating after all. To inspect the arena of this battle, TIME Correspondent James Willwerth visited Lodge 107 last week. His report:

Marked by a row of plastic shrubs and a golden moose head that juts over the street like a ship's prow, the lodge presents an austere facade of concrete, without windows. A sign on the closed front door says MEMBERS ONLY. Anyone who wants to enter must press a button and wait to be inspected by the bartender via closed-circuit TV.

Moose officials don't much like to answer questions these days. Over the telephone from national headquarters, the organization's general counsel, Clarence Ruddy, said: "I'm afraid you can't talk to these fellows. It might be dangerous. They might go off loose ends." After the buzzer sounds, however, the door opens. Lodge Secretary Milton Barkheimer is willing to offer a short tour, adding: "I must say no comment to all questions."

The center of activity is the clubroom at the end of the hallway. It is decorated with red and white bunting (for upcoming Labor Day festivities) and American flags. It also has a new remote-controlled dart game. For a quarter a game, members can sit at the bar and operate little black boxes that aim electronic darts at a bull's-eye. Between dart games and watching the closed-circuit television to see who is coming through the front door (a favorite sport), there is dancing—last week to a teen-age combo called the Patriots.

It seems a benign sort of place to be involved in bitter racial controversy. On a cold Sunday night in December 1968, six ranking members of the state house of representatives, just half a block down State Street, had dropped by for something to eat. The group included Jewish, Irish, Italian and Russian-American legislators and one black, House Majority Leader K. Leroy Irvis. "We were a real United Nations group," recalls Representative Harry A. Englehart Jr., a Moose from

western Pennsylvania, who had suggested that they dine at the lodge since most restaurants in town were closed.

The men were barely inside the red-carpeted hall when a gray-haired member manning the reception desk challenged them. Englehart was told that the lodge did not serve meals. After he protested that this was not true, he was told that the lodge had run out of food. "Finally it dawned on me," he recalls. "I looked at Representative Irvis, and of course he already knew." A local lawyer volunteered to bring a suit in federal court, and Irvis, himself a lawyer, took his case to the state human rights commission. Lodge 107 made no effort to conceal its policy. "Refusal of service," the lodge admitted before the



OUTSIDE EMBATTLED LODGE 107
"A bit ridiculous."

commission. "was because K. Leroy Irvis is a Negro."

A largely blue-collar fraternal organization boasting some 900,000 members, the Loyal Order of Moose was founded in 1888 in Kentucky and now has its headquarters, called the Supreme Lodge of the World, at Mooseheart, Ill., 38 miles west of Chicago. The Moose pay between \$15 and \$25 a year for the right to congregate at local lodges and for an unusual brand of social security: their families are eligible, in case of need, for an orphanage and school complex in Moosehaven, and upon retirement they can go to a Florida home called Moosehaven.

Not all the Moose are happy over the battle. Representative Englehart says that the discrimination policy is "a bit ridiculous," and membership in the Harrisburg lodge has dropped from 2,500 to about 1,200. But one member

sitting at the lodge bar professed helplessness. "No one in a local can say we'll do this or that. The bylaws are controlled at the Supreme level." Indeed, Mooseheart has overseen Lodge 107's defense, and it has paid most of the substantial legal fees. The organization's whites-only policy has also involved other lodges in local lawsuits, but no change in the policy is planned.

So Lodge 107 is fighting on. Last week it asked the Pennsylvania Supreme Court for a rehearing. In the meantime, since the court had indicated that the lodge could continue discriminating if it restricted the club to its own members, a spokesman said: "Our policy on guests will change. There will be no guests."

Promiscuous Power

It could have been called *Kennedy v. Nixon*, which would look catchy in the case books, but when the senior Senator from Massachusetts went to court against the President last week, he had to sue two relatively obscure bureaucrats. At issue: what Ted Kennedy called the President's "promiscuous use of the pocket-veto power."

The Constitution says that if the President takes no action on a bill for ten days after it has been presented to him by Congress, it becomes law without his signature—unless Congress is in adjournment when the ten-day period ends. In that case, if the President has done nothing, his "pocket veto" kills the bill. After a normal veto, Congress can try to organize the two-thirds majorities necessary to override the President. But pocket-vetoed legislation must start all over again as a new bill, crawling through the tortuous process of committee hearings and debate.

President Nixon used the pocket veto during a six-day Christmas break in 1970 to kill a Kennedy-backed medical-aid bill that authorized \$225 million to train general practitioners. Nixon said the program was too expensive. Kennedy got Congress to appropriate money anyway, but HRF refused to spend it. Charging the Administration with derogation of the powers of Congress, Kennedy went to court to compel the two defendants to have the act officially published as law.

The pocket veto has been challenged before, but the Supreme Court in 1929 upheld its having been used during a four-month adjournment. Kennedy's suit will argue, however, that the pocket veto was designed for the long adjournments that were common in the 18th century and that it can hardly apply during a six-day break. It is rare though not unprecedented for a member of Congress to sue the Administration. But the Supreme Court, which Kennedy hopes will rule on the case by next spring, has suggested that legislators have a special status to bring suit when executive action undermines "the effectiveness of their votes."

COVER STORY

Teen-Age Sex: Letting the Pendulum Swing

Girls can score just as many times as boys if they want to. I've gone to bed with nine boys in the past two years. It's a natural thing, a nice thing and a nice high. It sure can clear up the blues.

—Mimi, 18, a June graduate of Tenafly (N.J.) High School

I'm still a virgin. My friends last year blamed it on the fact that I was the youngest girl on campus. But I can't see having intercourse unless it's part of a tight emotional bond. My father has influenced me, but the fact that he is a minister has nothing to do with it. The church is not a stronghold against sex any more.

—Amanda, 16, a junior at Shimer College, Mount Carroll, Ill.

THEY could hardly be more unlike. Mimi and Amanda. Yet both are representative of American teen-agers in 1972. Though Amandas predominate among the nation's boys and girls between 13 and 19, there are enough Mimis so that many parents are alarmed. Even some of the teen-agers themselves, especially those in college, are uneasy about their almost unlimited new sexual license. Along with a heady sense of freedom, it causes, they find, a sometimes unwelcome sense of pressure to take advantage of it. "I'm starting to feel the same way about getting laid as I did about getting into college," Dustin Hoffman confessed in *The Graduate*. A Columbia University psychiatrist reports that students come to him to find out what is wrong with them if they are not having intercourse. "My virginity was such a burden to me that I just went out to get rid of it," a junior at the University of Vermont revealed to a Boston sex counselor. "On a trip to Greece, I found any old Greek and did it so it wouldn't be an issue any more."

Was her trip necessary? Is there really a notable increase in teen-age sex? Foulproof statistics about sexual habits are hard to come by, but a recent survey prepared for the Nixon-appointed commission on population seems to offer reasonably reliable figures. Of 4,611 unmarried black and white girls living at home or in dormitories in 1971, more than 46% had lost their virginity by age 20, according to John Hopkins Demographers Melvin Zelnik and John Kantner (TIME, May 22). Comparison with previous generations is difficult because earlier studies are incomplete; Alfred Kinsey, for example, author of the first large-scale

*The names of the children and their parents in this story are fictitious.

studies of sexual behavior, did not include blacks in his statistics. However, Kinsey's 1953 survey of some 5,600 white women disclosed that 3% were nonvirgins at age 15, and 23% had had premarital intercourse by the time they were 21. By contrast, Zelnik and Kantner report that of the 3,132 whites in their sample, 11% of the 15-year-olds were nonvirgins, and 40% of all the girls had lost their virginity by the age of 20. In short, youth's sexual revolution is not just franker talk and greater openness; more teen-agers, and especially younger ones, are apparently having intercourse, at least occasionally.

Another indication of the reality of youthful sex is the rising incidence of VD, which has now reached epidemic proportions in high schools and colleges. After the ordinary cold, syphilis and gonorrhea are the most common infectious diseases among young people, outranking all cases of hepatitis, measles, mumps, scarlet fever, strep throat and tuberculosis put together. In 1970 there were at least 3,000 cases of syphilis among the 27 million U.S. teen-agers and 150,000 cases of gonorrhea, more than in any European country except Sweden and Denmark. From 1960 to 1970 the number of reported VD cases among girls 15 to 19 increased 144%, and that percentage does not begin to tell the story, because it is estimated that three out of four cases go unreported.

The spiraling rate of pregnancies among unmarried girls is yet another indicator of sexual activity by the young. Per thousand teen-agers, the number of illegitimate births has risen from 8.3 in 1940 to 19.8 in 1972. Of an estimated 1,500,000 abortions performed in the U.S. in 1971, it is believed that close to a third were performed on teen-agers. Last year women at one prominent Eastern university had 100 illegitimate pregnancies, while at another there were almost 400—a rate of one for every 15 students. Nationwide the college pregnancy rate runs from 6% to 15%.

In Perspective. "Anything that discourages heterosexuality encourages homosexuality," says Paul Gebhard, executive director of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research. Is the opposite also true? Some psychiatrists speculate that the new sexual freedom enjoyed by teen-agers may lead to a decrease in homosexuality. "Because there are fewer sexual taboos in our society today, the adolescent is more likely to find a heterosexual pathway," says Dr. Judd Marmor of Los Angeles. Yet only a small number of adolescents are likely to be affected. Marmor contends, since gen-



RONALD REED

erally "the origins of homosexuality derive from certain specific conditions in the home, and these conditions still exist." There are no recent statistical studies that show changes in the incidence of homosexuality among teen-agers. There are, however, some changes in attitudes. Just as there is a greater willingness to "come out of the closet" among their elders, younger men and women are more open about homosexuality, especially in cities and on campuses where there are organizations like the Gay Activist Alliance.

In heterosexual relationships, too, it is the teen-agers' attitudes that have probably changed more than the statistics. The different sexual experiences of two sisters, eight years apart in age, illustrate at least some of the changes that are taking place.

Sue Franklin, now 25, had a traditional middle-class Midwestern upbringing. In 1965, when she was 18 and a college freshman, her sorority sisters talked about their sexual feelings only with extremely close friends, and nearly all gossiped about girls they suspected of having affairs. "Virginity was all important," Sue remembers. Then her



TIME/STEPPENHORN



A HEADY SENSE OF NEW FREEDOM

Truth is their authority.

boy friend of five years" standing issued an ultimatum: "Either you go to bed with me or I'm leaving you." She gave in and was overcome with remorse. "My God," she thought, "what have I done?" The more I learned about sex, the guiltier I felt, especially about enjoying it. I almost felt I had to deny myself any pleasure. My boy friend felt bad, too, because I was so hung up."

Sue's sister Pat, on the other hand, was just 15 and in high school when she first went to bed with a boy. Only

one thing bothered her: fear of getting pregnant. She appealed to Sue, who helped her get contraceptive advice from a doctor. Since then, Pat has had one additional serious relationship that included sex. Observes Sue: "Pat had as healthy an attitude as could be imagined, as healthy as I wish mine could have been. She and her friends are more open. They're not blasé, they don't talk about sex as they would about what they're going to have for dinner. But when they do discuss it, there's no hemming and hawing around. And boys don't exploit them. With Pat and her boy friends, sex isn't a motivating factor. It's not like the pressure that builds when sex is denied or you feel guilty about it. It's kept in perspective, not something they're especially preoccupied with. They don't see sex as something you can do with everyone: they're not promiscuous."

Nor are most teen-agers. Though the number of very youthful marriages appears to be declining, a fourth of all 18- and 19-year-old girls are married. More often than not, they had already had intercourse: more than half of them got married because they were pregnant. But on the whole, teen-agers actually are not very active sexually, in spite of the large number of nonvirgins.

Of those questioned by the Johns Hopkins demographic team, 40% had not had intercourse at all in the month before the survey, and of the remainder 70% had done so only once or twice that month. About 60% had never had more than one partner, and in half the cases that one was the man they planned to marry. When promiscuity was reported, it was more often among whites: 16% admitted to four or more partners, while only 11% of blacks had had that many.

Teen-agers generally are woefully ignorant about sex. They may believe that "most teen-age boys can almost go crazy if they don't have intercourse," that "you can't get pregnant if he only comes one time," or that urination is impossible with a diaphragm in place. Other youths cherish the notion that withdrawal, douching, rhythm or luck will prevent conception. Overall, "the pervasiveness of risk taking" is appalling. Zelnik and Kantner discovered More than 75% of the girls they interviewed said they used contraceptives occasionally or never.

To close the information gap, schools and colleges have begun to provide telephone hot lines, new courses, manuals of instruction and personal counseling. By dialing 933-5505, University of North Carolina students can get confidential information about preg-

nancy, abortion, contraception, sexual and marital relationships. More than 30 trained volunteer counselors answer 50 calls a week, with at least one man and one woman always on duty so that shy callers can consult someone of their own sex. Complex questions are referred to a dozen experts, mostly physicians, who have offered their help.

Away from the campus, counseling is hard to come by, but contraceptive advice is usually available, at least to urban teen-agers, from private social agencies and public health departments. This has not long been so. Birth Control Crusader Bill Baird was arrested in 1967 for giving out contraceptive devices to Boston University coeds. His conviction was overturned last March when the Supreme Court ruled that a state could not outlaw contraceptives for single people when they were legal for married couples. In most states the law is ambiguous about giving teenagers birth control advice, particularly without parental consent. But nowadays many authorities interpret the law liberally, believing that since teen-age sex is a fact, it ought at least to be protected sex. In any court test, they believe, the trend toward recognizing the civil rights of minors will prevail.

The policy of Planned Parenthood in New York City is typical. Before 1968 it gave birth control information to unmarried teen-age girls only if they already had had a child. Observes Executive Vice President Alfred Moran: "We were saying, in effect: 'We'll be glad to provide protection if you buy the ticket of admission—one pregnancy.'" Realizing the illogic of that position and swept along with the "new ethos," the organization now serves almost everyone and estimates that nearly 40% of its new patients are 19 or under.

At Manhattan's Margaret Sanger Research Bureau, clinic workers include teen-agers like Kathy Hull, 17, who gets course credits at her Brooklyn high school for volunteering. Chocolate cookies are passed around at the rap sessions that patients attend before they are examined and given contraceptives; boy friends are invited to the meetings and may even be present at the pelvic examinations if their girl friends agree. Said one who did: "He held my hand, and I was glad he cared enough to be there."

Dolls with Breasts. What brought about the new sexual freedom among teen-agers? "Obviously," nine parents out of ten would probably say, "it's all this permissiveness." But permissiveness is just a word that stands for many things, and as with most societal changes, it is often difficult to tell what is cause and what is effect. One major factor is the "eroticization of the social backdrop," as Sociologists John Gagnon and William Simon express it. American society is committed to sexuality, and even children's dolls have breasts and pro-

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vocative outfits nowadays. Another frequently cited factor is the weakening of religious strictures on sex. Observes Social Critic Michael Harrington: "One of the great facts about our culture is the breakdown of organized religion and the disappearance of the inhibitions that religion once placed around sexual relationships." Sociologists have found an inverse relationship between churchgoing and sexual experimentation: the less of the former, the more of the latter. In fact, suggests Sociologist Ira Reiss, today's teen-agers may have more influence on religion than the other way round. Among liberal clergymen, at least, there is something of a scramble to keep up with youthful ideas on sex. Permissive Catholic priests let their views become known and so in effect encourage liberated youngsters to seek them out for confession. Unitarian churches give courses for 12- to 14-year-olds "About Your Sexuality," complete with frank lectures and discussions, as well as films showing intercourse, masturbation and homosexuality.

Diminishing family influence has also shaken up the rules. The disillusionment of many youths with Viet Nam, pollution and corruption has sexual side effects, say Simon and Gagnon. It reinforces the idea of the older generation's moral inferiority. In fact, the two sociologists assert, many young people begin sexual activity in part as a "personal vendetta" against their parents. Nor does the older generation have very good record of marital stability. Since there are now 357 divorces for every 1,000 marriages, it is little wonder that children do not necessarily heed their parents' advice or consider marriage their ultimate goal. "There's a healthy disrespect for the facade of respectability behind which Albee-like emotional torrents roll on," says Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin Jr.

Parents are not necessarily straightforward in their advice when they give it. Recalls Bob, a senior at the University of Pittsburgh: "When I was in high school, my father warned me about sex. It wasn't so much the moral part that bothered him: he was afraid I'd knock up a girl and have to get married and get a job. I think he knows I'm living with a girl now, but if it bothers him, he hasn't made any big deal about it. I guess he figures it will help keep me in college and away from someone who might have marriage in mind."

In the Sack. As with churches, some parents are following the lead of the children. One of these is a real estate executive in California, father of three sexually active teen-age girls. "I see sex being treated by young people more casually, yet with more respect and trust. This has had an effect on me and my wife," he asserts. In fact, he claims that it has transformed their 20-year marriage into "a damned exciting relationship." It has also led to a star-

Sex Under the Parental Roof: Home Rules

LIKE the family in the cartoon below, more and more middle-class parents, especially in the cities, are beginning to be confronted by a rather unusual problem: unmarried teen-age lovers who want to share a bedroom on visits home. Some reactions:

► Atlanta public relations director: "I tell my daughter and her boy friend, 'When you're a guest in my home, we

try to make you comfortable. I would appreciate it if you would try to make us comfortable by not sleeping together when you're here."

► Wife of a Manhattan investment banker: "My daughter has a very aggressive boy friend who's against hypocrisy of any kind. He just said to my husband and me, 'Look, we're gonna be in the sack together, and that's how it is.' A friend warned us: 'Pretty soon you'll find yourself



DRAWING BY MORT WALKER © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Your friend is more than welcome, dear, but we just want you to know that your father and I didn't do anything funny till after we were married."



DRAWING BY MORT WALKER © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"My folks don't care what I do so long as it doesn't come to their attention."

ting willingness to forgo privacy. One of the children recently asked her father at dinner: "Dad, how often do you masturbate?" And the children's mother confides: "Once in a while at breakfast Jim'll say, 'Gosh, we had a good time in the sack last night, didn't we?'" According to her, the girls "get a kick" out of this sort of confidante.

Many sensitive teen-agers find such "liberated" parents worse than old-fashioned ones. "In an attempt to be hip," says a recent Bard graduate, "parents and teachers can often rob an adolescent of his own private times, his first secret expressions of love. Over-liberal parents can make a child self-conscious and sexually conscious before he is ready. Sex cannot be isolated from the other mysteries of adolescence, which each person must explore for himself."

Disillusioned as they may be with their elders, teen-agers owe much of their sexual freedom to parental affluence. More of them than ever before can now afford the privacy of living away from home, either while holding jobs or going to college. The proliferation of coed dorms has eased the problem of where to make love; though such dorms are not the scenes of the orgies that adults conjure up, neither are they

cloisters. A phenomenon that seemed shocking when it first appeared in the West and Midwest in the 1960s, two-sex housing is now found on 80% of the coed campuses across the country. At some colleges, boys and girls are segregated in separate wings of the same buildings; at others they live on separate floors; in still others, in adjacent rooms on the same floor.

Some behavioral experts claim that in these close quarters, brother-sister relationships develop, so that a kind of incest taboo curbs sex. Moreover, Sarah Warren, a June graduate of Yale, suggests that "if you've seen the girls with dirty hair, there's less pressure to take their clothes off." But Arizona Psychiatrist Donald Holmes insists that "where the sexual conjugation of man and woman is concerned, familiarity breeds consent." At a coed dorm at the University of Maryland recently, boys poured out of girls' rooms in droves when a fire alarm sounded in the middle of the night. At Bryn Mawr, one student explains: "When a boy and girl have been going together for a while, one of them drags his mattress into the other's room." A new kind of study problem has recently been brought to a college psychiatrist: what to do if your roommate's girl friend parades around

at Bloomingdale's buying double beds and special linens. But we capitulated. We didn't want these kids running off somewhere."

► Member of the Harvard University police force: "Not in my house. But what I don't know won't hurt me. If I force things on my kids, I might be forcing them out of the house."

► Wife of a Los Angeles graphics designer: "I have no moral objections, but I felt the relationship would intrude on the rest of the family."

► Washington, D.C., technical programmer, mother of a girl who asked

if her boy friend could sleep in a separate bed in her room, keeping the door ajar: "I said it was okay with me, because I like this boy and because I know she's free to do as she wants to anyway when she's not here."

► Atlanta lawyer: "It's my house and my kids will behave the way I say they'll behave."

► Wife of a Washington economist: "If they want to live together, they should find their own place."

► Albany, N.Y., professor: "I have too many hangups of my own to try to regulate that kind of thing."

► Wife of a Chicago lawyer: "I don't accept the new morality, but I live with it. Nowadays well-adjusted parents care most about their child's happiness and the family relationship; they would rather sacrifice some of their own moral values to preserve that relationship."

► New York artist: "It might be different if I liked my son's girl friend, but I don't. I don't think it's my province to run a motel. I think he and my other children respect me for this attitude. After all, I'm not their buddy. I'm their father."



DRAWING BY MAHODD. © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"I thought people had to be married for the magic to go out."

your room nude. Ask her to get dressed? Or go elsewhere to study?

As for the Pill, nearly all laymen consider it a major cause of the new freedom, but a majority of professionals disagree. Because most girls dislike seeing themselves as on the lookout for sex, few go on the Pill until they are having intercourse regularly. Even then, because they are worried about its side effects, almost half choose other means, if indeed they use contraceptives at all. Just the same, Hartsdale, N.Y., Psychiatrist Laurence Loeb believes, the very existence of the Pill has important psychological effects because it means that pregnancy is avoidable.

Then why so many illegitimate births? A principal reason, say behavioral experts, is unconscious ambivalence about pregnancy—both wanting and not wanting it. According to Planned Parenthood, teen-agers may see pregnancy as a way of remaining childishly dependent on others or, conversely, as a step toward adulthood. Besides, adds Chicago Youth Counselor Merry Allen, "it's still a way to get married, if that's what you want."

According to popular opinion, the drug culture is yet another spur to sexual activity. "Once you've taken drugs and broken that rule, it is easier to break

all the others," says a senior at the University of Pittsburgh. "Drugs and sexual exploration go hand in hand," insists Charlotte Richardson, a lay therapist in Atlanta. But many doctors doubt that drug use increases sexual experimentation (whether marijuana increases sexual pleasure is even a matter of some dispute). Stanford Psychiatrist Donald Lunde, among others, believes that drugs do not lead to sex but that depression causes many teen-agers to try both sex and drugs; each, he says, is a "temporary way of feeling good." Some kids actually use drugs to avoid sex. Says Daniel X. Freedman, University of Chicago professor of psychiatry and one of the most respected drug researchers: "You can't blame rising nonvirginity on drugs. A lot of adults do so, just as they blame pornography, when the real issue is how their children regulate themselves."

What about Women's Liberation? During the '60s, the feminist drive for equal rights for women was partly responsible for an increase in premarital sex even greater than the present acceleration. Today's extreme militants, who believe that the new wave of permissiveness is a conspiracy to exploit them, want to put a damper on sex. But for the vast majority of women, the

movement stands in part for a new freedom in sexual matters.

Over the past four years, Philip and Lorna Sarrel, sex counselors at Yale, have asked 10,000 students to fill out anonymous questionnaires on sexual knowledge and attitudes. Once it was easy to tell which answers came from males and which from females. No more. "At last, both young men and women are beginning to express their sexuality without regard to stereotypes," Sarrel declares with satisfaction. "We're getting rid of the idea that sex is something men do to women." As Jonathan Goodman, 17, of Newton High remarks, "I'd probably want to talk it over with a girl, rather than just let it happen. Her reasons for doing it or not doing it would be as important as mine."

Most observers think the equality movement has weakened, though not demolished, the double standard, and reduced, though not ended, male preoccupation with virility. There is somewhat less boasting about sexual conquest. Jonathan, for one, asserts that "I respect my girl friend and our relationship enough not to tell everyone what we're doing." Anyway, reports recent Columbia Graduate Lou Dolinar, "Now that girls are living with their boy friends in the dorm, it's pretty hard to sit around with them and talk like a stud. Male bull sessions of sexual bragadocio have been replaced by coed bull sessions about sexual traumas."

Identity Crisis. Can teen sex be harmful, apart from causing such problems as illegitimate pregnancy and disease? Manhattan Psychoanalyst Peter Blos believes that the early adolescent, however physically developed, is psychologically a child and lacks the emotional maturity necessary to manage sexual relationships. If a child tries to grow up too fast, Blos says, he may never grow up at all. Says Catholic Author Sidney Cornelia Callahan: "Sexuality is very intimately related to your sense of self. It should not be taken too lightly. To become an individual, the adolescent has to master impulses, to be able to refuse as well as accept."

Even on campuses where sex is relaxed, says Sociologist Simon, "kids still experience losing their virginity as an identity crisis; a nonvirgin is something they did not expect to be." Sexually involved adolescents of all ages are sometimes beset by guilt feelings, though less often than were their elders. Admits Ellen Sims, a Tenafly girl of 15 who says she has turned celibate after sleeping with three boys when she was in the eighth grade: "I was ashamed of myself. Sometimes I wish I didn't even know what I've done." Similarly, University of Pittsburgh Junior Kathy Farnsworth confesses that "I know sex isn't dirty. It's fun. But I always have this nagging thing from my parents in my head. They'd kill me if they knew, and I've never been able to have an or-

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LOS ANGELES BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC
Familiarity breeds consent.

gasm." Occasionally the pangs of old-fashioned conscience are so strong that a student drops out of school and requires months of therapy before he is able to resolve the conflict between his "liberated" behavior and the standards, acquired from his parents, that he still unconsciously accepts.

Experts also detect a frequent sense of shame and incompetence at not enjoying sex more. "A great many young people who come into the office these days are definitely doing it more and enjoying it less," says Psychiatrist Holmes. According to Simon and Gagnon, sexual puritanism has been replaced by sexual utopianism. "The kid who worries that he has debased himself is replaced by the kid who worries that he isn't making sex a spectacular event."

Infidelity creates additional problems, warns Columbia University Psychiatrist Joel Moskowitz. "A couple

agree that each can go out with anyone. The girl says, 'So-and-so turns me on; I'm going to spend the night with him.' Despite the contract they've made, the boy is inevitably enraged, because he feels it's understood that such things hurt him." When the hurt is great enough to end the affair, the trauma for both may approach that of divorce, or worse. One college student asked his high school girl friend to live in his room with him, and then watched despairingly as she fell in love with his roommate, and, overcome with grief and confusion, tried to commit suicide.

Cool Sex. To lay and professional observers alike, one of the most distressing aspects of teen sex is its frequent shallowness, particularly when the participants are still in high school. At that stage, Simon and Gagnon report, it is often the least popular students who engage in sex—and who find, especially if they are girls, that their sexual behavior brings only a shady sort of popularity and more unhappiness. Wisconsin Psychiatrist Seymour Halleck ascribes a "bland, mechanistic quality" to some youthful relationships, and Beverly Hills Psychoanalyst Ralph Greenson observes that, "instant warmth and instant sex make for puny love, cool sex."

His words seem to fit the experience of Judy Wilson. Recalling the day she lost her virginity in her own bedroom at the age of 17, she says blithely: "One afternoon it just happened. Then we went downstairs and told my younger sister because we thought she'd be excited. We said, 'Guess what. We just made love.' And she said, 'Oh, wow. How was it?' And we said, 'Fine.' Then we went out on the roof and she took pictures of us."

But among more mature young people, shallowness is anything but the rule. "Our kids are actually retrieving sexuality from shallowness," insists Sex Counselor Mary Calderone. "They are moving away from the kind of trivialization we associated with the Harvard-Yale games in the '20s when the object was to get drunk and lay a lot of girls." Los Angeles Gynecologist J. Robert Bragonier agrees: "Kids aren't looking for the perfect marriage, but they're idealistic about finding a loving relationship." Sarrel adds that he finds most student liaisons "more meaningful than the typical marriage in sharing, trusting and sexual responsibility."

Epitomizing this free but deep relationship is the experience of Yale Students Rachel Lieber and Jonathan Weltz. Recently she wrote about it for a forthcoming book: "We had always assumed we'd marry eventually. We had lived together for two years and were growing closer . . . On our wedding night, Jonathan and I lay in bed, letting all the feelings well up around us and bathe our skins in warmth as the words we had said during the ceremony started coming back. We mixed our faces in each other's hair, and we looked at each other for a long time. So we spent

our wedding night, not as virgins, but very close."

Informal liaisons often mature into marriage, and when they do, Yale's Coffin has found, many areas of the relationship are apt to be sounder than in less tested unions. This is especially true now that unmarried sex has largely lost its stigma. As Coffin explains, "The danger of premarital sex while it was *verboten* was that it covered up a multitude of gaps. A girl had to believe she was in love because, she told herself, she wouldn't otherwise go to bed. As a result, the real relationship never got fully explored."

Many psychiatrists have come to agree that the new openness has much to recommend it. One of these is Graham Blaine, until recently chief psychiatrist of the Harvard health services. In 1963, Blaine wrote that "college administrations should stand by the old morality" and decreed relaxed dormitory rules that allowed girls to visit boys' rooms till 7 p.m. In 1971 he switched sides. "I have been convinced by the young that the new relationships are a noble experiment that should be allowed to run its course."

Today Blaine elaborates: "I thought we college psychiatrists would see a lot more emotional problems. I was wrong; most students are not being hurt. The pendulum should be allowed to swing." It will swing back—at least part way back—he predicts, as it did after the easygoing days of the English Restoration. "It's much more in keeping with human nature to make sex a private thing and to have some elements of exclusivity." Mrs. Callahan, speaking to student audiences, has found on campuses "a new puritanism or perhaps a lingering puritanism," and she usually gets a smiling response when she calls on her listeners to "join the chastity underground."

Yes or No. Whether or not the chastity underground is the wave of the future, as Mrs. Callahan hopes, some youths, at least, appear to be searching for firmer guidelines. "Sometimes I wish I were a Victorian lady with everything laid out clearly for me," admits Sarah Warren. Warns Coffin: "It's much easier to make authority your truth than truth your authority."

At Yale, the Sarrels, who had dropped a lecture on morals, were asked by the students to add one on sexual values and decision-making. But to search for guidelines is not necessarily to find them. Most of the proliferating courses, clinics and handbooks detail, meticulously, the biology of intercourse, contraception, pregnancy and abortion. Few do more than suggest the emotional complexities of sex. For instance, *The Student Guide to Sex on Campus* (New American Library; \$1), written by Yale students with the help of the Sarrels, has this to say on the subject of "Intercourse—Deciding Yes or No":

"When a relationship is probably not permanent, but still very meaningful,

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August 10, 1972

BEHAVIOR

ful, it is more difficult to decide confidently ... There is so much freedom ... The decision is all yours, and can be very scary ... No one should have intercourse just because they can't think of any reason not to. The first year in college can create confusion about sexual values. Your family seems very far away, and their ideas about almost everything are challenged by what you see and hear ... Girls who have intercourse just to get rid of their virginity usually seem to find it not a pleasurable or fulfilling experience."

Sense of Trust. In personal counseling sessions, the Sarrels offer psychological support for students who would rather not rush things, telling them that "it's just as OK not to have sex as it is to have it." "People need to unfold sexually," Sarrel believes, and there is no way to speed the process. What is right may vary with a student's stage of emotional development. "A freshman may need to express rebellion and independence from his family and may use sex to do it." That is acceptable, Sarrel believes, as long as the student understands his motives: "We don't worry too much about the freshman who's going to bed with someone. We worry about the freshman who's just going to bed and thinks it's love." For an older student, intercourse may be right only if the lovers are intimate emotionally. How to judge? One crucial sign of intimacy is "a sense of trust and comfort. If you find you're not telling each other certain kinds of things, it's not a very trusting relationship."

Apparently this kind of advice is what the students want. Sarrel has been dubbed "the Charlie Reich of sex counseling" by an irreverent observer, and like the author of *The Greening of America*, he is very popular: 300 men and women crowd into his weekly lectures at Yale, and more than 1,000 other colleges have asked for outlines of his course. For good reason. The Sarrels' careful counseling has cut the VD and unwanted pregnancy rate at Yale to nearly zero.

But what about ethical questions? For those who are not guided by their families or their religion, Sarrel's system—and the whole body of "situation ethics"—fails to offer much support for making a decision. Years ago William Butler Yeats wrote a poem about the problem:

*I whispered, "I am too young."
And then, "I am old enough";
Wherefore I threw a penny
To find out if I might love.*

How did the toss come out? Yeats, unsurprisingly, gave himself a clear go-ahead, ending his poem:

*Ah penny, brown penny, brown
penny,
One cannot begin it too soon.*

Nowadays a great many adolescents, like Yeats, seem to be simply tossing a coin, and singing the same refrain



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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Dubbed Genius

Leonardo da Vinci painted the *Mona Lisa*. He invented prototypes of the submarine, the diving mask and snorkel, the airplane, the parachute, the tank and the hydraulic screw. What he did not invent, as the opening segment of CBS's five-part *Life of Leonardo da Vinci* amply illustrated this week, was a way of having his own story told well.

In Leonardo's case, of course, the problems are colossal. The artist was a universal genius. He was also literally a secretive bastard, who invented a way of writing (right to left and upside down) to protect his plans and musings from prying eyes. Almost nothing is known about his private life.

In trying to wrestle this enigma onto the TV screen, the CBS series—produced by RAI, the Italian national television company that aired it in Italy last fall—never resolves the hard choice between truth and drama. This week's episode opened with the death of Leonardo in the arms of France's King Francis I, the patron of the artist's declining years. Creaky and inspirational, the scene at least has a style that might grow on a sympathetic viewer. Alas, hardly has Leonardo expired when a young "guide" in modern business suit comes on camera, pointing out that the scene is pure fiction, lifted from admiring contemporary accounts.

Truthful Bitters. And so it goes, the modern guide periodically strolling cheekily into the 16th century to deliver a dash of truthful bitters, then fading out to make way for another stretch of camp biography. With admirable devotion to accuracy Leonardo's lines are limited to sentiments that actually survive in his notebooks. The result is that French Actor Philippe Leroy, who plays him, has little to do but brood burningly upon the world while lines of primordial exposition clatter about him (Penny-pinching grandfather: "What's the good of all this schooling? It does not put bread on the table.")

The blame for much of this may be laid to the English dubbing and adaptation, done by Titan Productions in New York. The voices, borrowed straight from a stable of TV commercial actors, leave the viewer in some doubt as to whether he is listening to Pink Pad or Lorenzo the Magnificent.

There is still some hope, though. Four parts remain, with Italian *palazzi* to be used as backdrops and famous ladies like Isabella d'Este to be viewed. Painting the *Last Supper* on the wall of Milano's Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, experimenting with flight and war machines, feuding with that young punk and fellow genius Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci may yet prove that not even television can keep a good Renaissance man down.

Frog Prince

His grandmother was Cherokee and his mother is Italian. That, he says, is why one-half of him wants to grow hair and the other doesn't. The Indian side got overexposed in more routine movies and TV shows than he cares to remember. His face, at least, was memorable—a rubber stamp for Marlon Brando's. But his name did not become a household word until last spring, when he posed in the hirsute buff for *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Now, unliberated housewives shamelessly tape Burt Reynolds sinewy centerfold to their refrigerators the way their hubbies paper tool sheds with "Playmate" pullouts.

Burt Reynolds' rise has come from unveiling more than his anatomy. Until two years ago, he says, "I was the tight, constipated actor. I just stood there with my No. 3 virile look and never took chances." Then he drew a guest spot on the Johnny Carson show and revealed an unexpected penchant for put-downs, mostly of himself ("My movies were the kind they show in prisons and airplanes, because nobody can leave"). After that, Reynolds was invited to air his gift of glib on a flock of other talk shows and comedy hours. After seeing him on the tube, Director John Boorman asked him to read for a leading part in the movie version of James Dickey's *Deliverance*. Boorman found his "power and vulnerability" perfect.

The movie was Reynolds' own deliverance. Overnight he became the Frog Prince of Hollywood. He made two more pictures in breathless succession, *Fuzz* and the forthcoming *Shamus*. Last week he was on location in Little Rock, Ark., shooting *McKlusky* with Director Joe Sargent. Sargent admires Reynolds' "baldness and talent" and says, "He has the same kind of craft as McQueen and Newman."

Being liked and respected is a new experience for Reynolds. "I was like Lewis in *Deliverance*," he says. "I did anything physical to get attention." That included party pranks like jumping into swimming pools from third-story windows as well as being pushed out of windows as a professional stuntman on live TV. Once he angrily threw an assistant director at Universal into a river.

Reynolds' trail of trouble extends all the way back to Waycross, Ga., where he was born 36 years ago. He was raised in Palmetto Beach, Fla., where his father was the town's police chief—a former cowboy who believed in "fanning Burt's rompers till he knew what was wrong." To Burt he seemed a stern, inflexible hulk. After briefly running away from home when he was 14, Burt channeled his belligerence into athletics and won a football scholarship to Florida State. When a knee injury and a car accident

aborted his athletic career, he drifted into college dramatics, then dropped out of school in 1955 to take a crack at the New York theater. A few TV tidbits, supplemented by washing dishes at Schrafft's and bouncing drunks at Roseland, kept him afloat for two years until he won the part of Mannion in a revival of *Mister Roberts*. That, and a contract with Universal, propelled him into twelve years of lucrative mediocrity: "I was a well-known unknown."

Along the way, he married British Pixy Judy Carne, who later became *Laugh-In's* "Sock It To Me" girl. She apparently got a lot of preparation for taking lumps before she and Burt split in 1965. "It was a wild trip, our marriage. The hostility got so out of hand that one day I bought him a punching bag."

Nowadays Reynolds spends much of his spare time in Florida on the 160-



REYNOLDS WORKING ON LOCATION
X-rated with Dinah.

acre ranch that his father, newly rechristened, runs for him. "I feel like the Marlboro man there," he says. But increasingly the Marlboro man is being lured back to Hollywood to woo the Perle Mesta of the Bel Air set, Dinah Shore. It all began when Dinah, 19 years his senior, had Burt on her show last summer. Oscar Levant once said he couldn't watch Dinah because he had diabetes. But, as Dinah tells it, the show she did with Burt would have been X-rated if it had run as taped. "I'm not that sweet," she says.

With Dinah and *Deliverance*, Reynolds hardly needs any more boosts. But his *Cosmopolitan* caper has given him a taste for prankish self-promotion. This fall he will appear on the cover of *Esquire*—in the raw again, but cropped above the waist. Burt will be looking down at himself, his mouth agape with disbelief. A headline asks: THE IMPERFECT BODY THAT MADE YOU FAMOUS?

Endless Inquisition

The debate over Pope Pius XII and the Jews in World War II refuses to die. For more than a decade, critics like Rolf Hochhuth (*The Deputy*), Saul Friedlander (*Pius XII and the Third Reich*) and Carlo Falconi (*The Silence of Pius XII*) have speculated on the question: Why did the Pope fail to denounce Hitler and mobilize his invisible legions, as Winston Churchill once called the world's 400 million Catholics, against the Nazi terror? Whatever their conclusions, Pius' critics have conceded that he partially made up for his public silence by quietly using Vatican agencies and his personal intervention to save thousands of Jews from extermination. Now a new voice has been added to the chorus of the Pope's inquisitors that seeks to shatter even that notion.

In *The Ghetto on the Tiber*, a history of Rome's Jewish community recently published in Italy, Dutch-American Jew Sam Waagenaar argues that Pius did almost nothing privately for Jewish refugees under the very windows of the Vatican in Rome. One of the main targets of Waagenaar's attack is a 1961 article by the late Father Robert Leiber, the German Jesuit who for more than 30 years was the Pope's private secretary and confidant. Leiber's article told of large numbers of Jews who were hidden inside the Vatican during the German occupation of Rome. Waagenaar could only trace one family of eleven who were given safe harbor, and in that case one of the daughters was engaged to a young Catholic who was related to a priest living in Vatican City.

True Jews. Leiber cited as evidence of Pius XII's wartime ministrations to Jews a society called The Good Works of St. Raphael, which supposedly aided thousands of Italian Jews to emigrate to Brazil before the Black Sabbath in October 1943, when the Gestapo entered the Roman ghetto. But Waagenaar quotes the wartime head of the society, Father Anton Weber, as explaining that his group "was concerned only with baptized Jews of non-Italian nationality, not with true Jews."

Waagenaar also disputes the widely held view that Pius aided the organization known as DELASEM (Delegation for Assistance to Jewish Emigrants). He reports that Father Marie-Benoit, the now legendary Capuchin friar who headed DELASEM and risked his safety daily during the war to hide, feed and help thousands of Jews, twice approached the Vatican for loans—to no avail. After the publication of Waagenaar's book, Marie-Benoit, now living in Paris, wrote to the author to confirm his account: "DELASEM never received anything from the Vatican."

Waagenaar, a freelance journalist who lives in Rome, has documented his

case sufficiently to withstand all counterattacks so far. The Vatican has made only perfunctory denials of his charges, perhaps hoping to undermine them by appearing unimpressed. Many Jews in Italy, instead of being inflamed by Waagenaar's book, seem to wish that the whole argument could be ended. But as long as the wartime generation lives, the inquisition of Pius (now a candidate for Catholic sainthood) is likely to go on; and despite new evidence like Waagenaar's, there is little prospect of a final verdict. During the war the Pontiff himself described his dilemma over Jews as "a door that no key could open." The image still seems apt.



LESTER MADDOX IN TEXAS PULPIT

Campaigning for God

"Great to be with you," says the beaming, blue-blazer man in the pulpit. "Great to be alive." "Amen," agrees the sturdy, prosperous crowd of Texans, the men in natty suits and white shirts, the women in beehive hairdos. "Great to be an American," continues the voice from the pulpit ("Amen.") "Greatest of all to be a Christian." ("Amen.") "Born again." ("Amen.")

Billy Graham? Oral Roberts? Not quite. The speaker is Lester Maddox, former Governor and now Lieutenant Governor of Georgia, one-time wielder of ax handles to keep blacks away from his Pickwick restaurant in Atlanta, and one of the hottest speakers these days on the U.S. fundamentalist circuit.

Maddox's political visibility has given him "more opportunities to reach people about God," but he has been at his "witnessing" activities far longer than he has been a politician. Born into a Southern Baptist family 56 years ago, he recalls that "I gave my life to the Lord in 1932." He has been an active member of the North Atlanta Baptist Church ever since, sometimes as a Sun-

day-school teacher or the host (at the Pickwick) of the Christian Businessmen's Association.

He speaks each year to more than 100 religious gatherings, for which he takes no fee, only expenses. He has appeared at Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic churches, but his messages seem most at home in Baptist independents like the Kelview Heights Baptist Church in Midland, Texas, where he spoke last week.

So serious is Maddox about his witnessing that he went to his Midland appearance only hours after getting out of a hospital, where he had been treated for pulled ligaments and scrapes suffered in a bicycle accident during a Georgia Jaycee parade. Once in the pulpit, he limbered up quickly: "We hear a lot about not mixing government and religion. Well, I think the intent of our forefathers was to keep government out of the church. But don't keep God's people out of government. I'm not politicking, but I am campaigning—I'm campaigning for God." Other Maddoxisms:

ON CRIME. "We see it in print, hear it from the pulpit, from Marxists socialist professors, that people commit crime because they're underprivileged. I went to school barefoot in the snow and ice. [but] I didn't shoot a policeman. I didn't hold up any store. You commit [crime] because of sin in your life."

ON POVERTY. "Material poverty is insignificant compared to the poverty of spirit of church people, the poverty of patriotism, the poverty of intellect among business people."

ON THE CHURCH. "The only hope of America is the fundamentalist church, where the people teach the word of God and not the word of man. Some churches I can't get into—some of these modernist churches. They're trying to get God to adjust to man rather than man to adjust to God."

Maddox still believes—much to the embarrassment of many of his fellow Southern Baptists—in the right to segregate. "The Bible teaches freedom of choice," Maddox insists privately. "Why would we have different races if God meant us to be alike and associate with each other?" Any racism in his church messages, however, is only implied. Moreover, claims Maddox's pastor, the Rev. R.B. Sims, "the Lester Maddox of today and the Lester Maddox of the Pickwick days are different. He has more compassion now."

Tidings

► "We cannot wait until an election. Unless the American people end the war now, tens of thousands of unnecessary victims will be killed, wounded or rendered homeless between now and the inauguration of the next President." So saying, five women and nine men began a "fast for life" last week at New York Theological Seminary in Manhattan, where they will live during the vigil. The fasters will take nothing.

ing but water for an "indefinite period," hoping to inspire a "new stage of resistance" among Americans. The 14 included familiar peace-movement veterans (David Dellinger, former Benedictine Monk Paul Mayer), younger recruits in their early 20s, and Roman Catholic Priest Tom Lumpkin of Detroit. Lumpkin carried the blessings of Detroit's two auxiliary bishops, Thomas Gumbleton and Walter Schoenherr, who promised their "prayers in this just cause."

► For three years Anglicans and Lutherans have been holding international talks to bring about a closer mutual relationship. Now the two teams of representatives have issued a joint report in London "unanimously" urging increased intercommunication, more joint worship and even integrated ministries between the two groups. The report notes that the two bodies now recognize each other as basically "catholic" and "apostolic." In the wake of Roman Catholic talks with both Anglicans and Lutherans, the report could help pave the way for intercommunication among all three groups within the decade.

► Some two months ago the steeple of the red-brick Hobbs Street Church of Christ in Athens, Ala. (pop. 14,000), was sliced in two by a bolt of lightning. This may have been prophetic, for now the Hobbs Street congregation is split just as surely, and all because of a bathing suit. The one-piece white swimsuit was worn by nubile blonde Becky Marshall, 17, as she won a Fourth-of-July beauty contest to name "Miss Spirit of America." Trouble was, Becky's father, Charles Marshall, was the minister of the Hobbs Street church. Aghast, the elders of the church fired Marshall. When 251 of the 371-member congregation petitioned for his reinstatement, the elders refused to budge. Now more than 200 of Marshall's supporters have followed him into exile to open a new church. As for Becky, she's going to try for the Miss Alabama title next year.



BECKY MARSHALL IN BEAUTY CONTEST
Lightning hit the steeple.

MEDICINE

COURTESY PICTURES

Fighting the Flexible Flu

Oceans and armed might may protect nations from invading armies; nothing stops influenza. In 1918, the disease made a globe-girding march that left 30 million dead. Modern outbreaks, though less horrendous, still pose a major public health threat. The 1968 epidemic affected more than 30 million in the U.S. alone, causing widespread school and job absenteeism and killing more than 200.

Because flu tends to erupt at ten-year intervals, doctors have been searching for a defense against the major epidemic expected to occur toward the end of the decade. Now they appear on the verge of success. Scientists at the National Institutes of Health's Allergy and Infectious Diseases branch last week announced a new vaccine that may make it possible to control the disease effectively for the first time.

Quick Change. The flu bug is a quick-change artist. It undergoes what scientists call antigenic alterations, or periodic transformations in biochemical makeup. As a result, vaccines developed to defend against one virus generation—usually too late to do much good—generally prove altogether powerless against the next. In addition, natural immunities acquired through exposure to one year's microbes may offer no protection against later models.

To overcome this obstacle, the NIH researchers—Drs. Brian Murphy, Elias Chalhub and Robert Chanock and Biologist Sandra Nusinoff—decided to beat the virus at its own flexible game. Vaccines now in use are made with a type of virus that has been killed and therefore has only limited ability to stimulate the body's immunological system. The new vaccine uses a combination of live viruses that brings about a stronger immune reaction. These active (though weakened) agents can also be grown in cultures more quickly, giving scientists a better chance of staying even with the most recent flu threat.

The virus used in the vaccine is a hybrid. Working in the NIH laboratories, the research team combined Hong Kong flu viruses from the 1968 epidemic with chemically altered samples of a 1965 strain. The result is a virus strong enough to produce immunity to the flu, but too weak to cause the disease itself.

The new vaccine base is extremely sensitive to heat and fails to function if exposed to the high (98.6° F.) temperature of the lungs, the place where flu viruses settle to bring on illness. Otherwise a live virus could not be used. But it thrives in the slightly lower temperatures of the nose and throat where, according to its developers, it triggers the production of the crucial antibodies.

Tested on volunteer prisoners at the Maryland House of Correction and a



MASKED POLICE DURING 1918 EPIDEMIC
An ever-mutating microbe.

District of Columbia reformatory, the vaccine, which is administered by nasal spray rather than injection, proved highly effective. Seventeen of 28 prisoners not given the vaccine came down with the flu after intentional exposure. All 17 others who were vaccinated remained free of the ailment. Nor did the men suffer any ill effects from the vaccine itself. Current flu vaccines often produce minor symptoms of the disease such as dizziness, headaches, low fever and slight nausea.

NH officials warned that extensive trials and testing must still be conducted before the new vaccine can be licensed and made available to the public. But they are cautiously confident that the vaccine will be ready in time for the next predicted flu epidemic.

Deflating a Balloon

Ever since U.S. doctors returned from mainland China with favorable reports about the effectiveness of acupuncture as a treatment and anesthetic, occidental interest in the ancient oriental art has ballooned. So has the demand for high-quality acupuncture needles. Last week, however, the Food and Drug Administration temporarily deflated matters. The agency turned back or impounded five consignments of some 200 needles from China on the technicality that they were not properly labeled "medical devices." The FDA's action may not contribute to the growing rapprochement between the U.S. and China, but it may help protect the American medical consumer. A number of laymen have attempted to cash in on the current American fascination with acupuncture, and many of the needles were destined for those with little training whose interest in pinpoint healing is probably more monetary than medical.

MODERN LIVING

The Elevated Look

Generations of American males surreptitiously added inches to their height by wearing Adler elevators—ordinary-looking shoes that contained hidden built-in platforms. Now, inspired by the fancy footwear of rock stars like the Temptations and the Rolling Stones, the Elevated Look has come out into the open. In increasing numbers, men are boldly tiptoeing around in lavishly patterned, attention-getting shoes that have three-quarter-inch platform soles and heels as much as five inches tall. They resemble the wedges worn by the screaming queen of a King Herod in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and to conservative eyes they seem grotesque, if not downright decadent.

Unlike the elevators, the new high-riders are not intended primarily for the short. "They ought to stay away from the extreme height," advises Bob Smith of Richards shoe store in Hollywood.



FEELING THE HEEL AT ARROWSMITH
A whole new trip.

Calif. "because it's too obvious. It makes them look as though they're consciously trying to be taller." That has not deterred droves of style-conscious short men from buying high heels. But there is equal appeal, strangely enough, to those of average height and taller—even towering basketball players like 7-ft. 1-in. Wilt Chamberlain wear the shoes because they are both fashionable and seem to provide the buildup that comes from looking down at the world. "When I take off my heels," says Chicagoan Kenneth Jarrett, a near six-footer, "I feel like half a man."

High-rise shoes run the gamut of style, color and height. In Manhattan's

Arrowsmith shoetique both the prices (which range to \$65) and the heels are high. Hip young customers spend \$46 for navy blue lace-ups with silver piping and big silver stars on the sides, or \$47 for strap shoes with 2-in. heels that look exactly like the Mary Janes worn by Shirley Temple and generations of other little girls. One elderly Arrowsmith customer plunked down \$65 for knee-high fire-engine-red boots with floppy tops and 2-in. heels. He turned out to be a lion tamer.

In L.A., high heels have been around for about two years and even conser-



HERO'S SUPER WEDGES

vative businessmen are walking tall. So that more of them can be lured into the high styles, bold color combinations have given way to uplifted versions of such classics as wingtips and saddle oxfords—solid-colored in blues, grays, beige and burgundy.

The new high-heel wearer soon learns what most women already know: heels may look good, but they are not easy to wear—at least initially. Men must take shorter steps than most of them are used to and be careful not to stumble while climbing steps or catch their heels riding escalators. "It's a whole new trip," says Maurice Boucher of L.A.'s Vibrations Boot Parlor. "Men have never had to think about changing their style of walking or sitting or even driving a car." To ease the transition, many store owners recommend that their customers wear a 2-in. heel before stepping up to anything higher.

Doctors are bracing for an onslaught of male patients suffering from the ills to which high heels are heir: sore

hamstrings, shortened calf muscles, sway-backs, backaches and spontaneous "fatigue fractures" of the metatarsal bones. Warns one orthopedic surgeon: "I consider these shoes dangerous, particularly for ankle injuries. There is no question that the higher the sole is off the ground, the greater the leverage on the joint."

One New York editor broke his ankle while running for the bus in a pair of high-heeled shoes. Said he in a falsetto: "Thank God I did not strangle in my pearls."

Bucking the high-heeled trend is the Kalso Earth Shoe, which is made with contoured wooden soles that slope downward toward the back. The Kalso company claims that having the heels lower than the soles results in a natural, barefoot style of walking and a more erect stance, thus avoiding "the fatigue and aches caused by living in a cement-coated world." The price for the barefoot feeling: from \$22 to \$36.

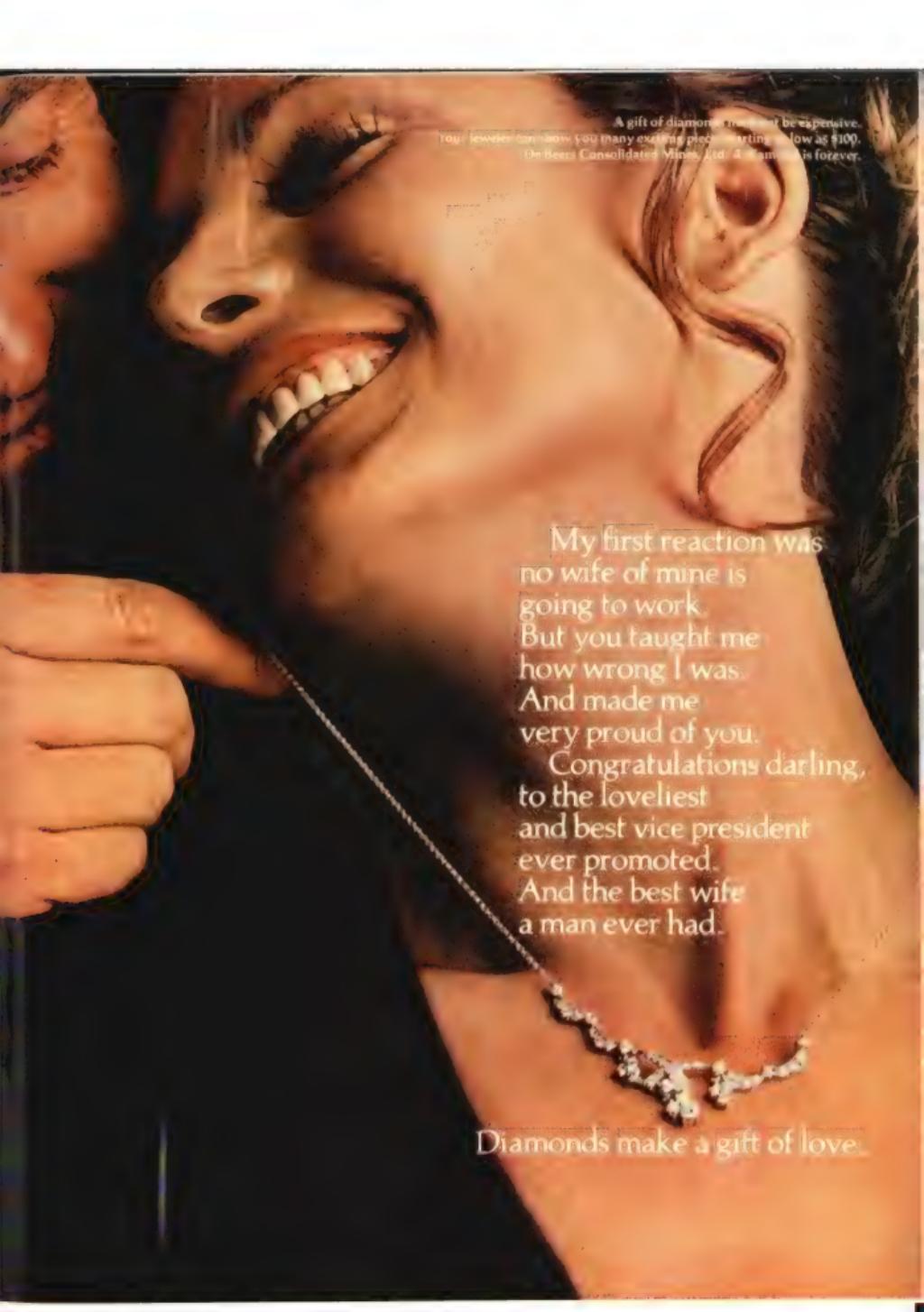
New Game in Town

In New York, customers in bars sip their drinks and stare intently at the television play-by-play. In Alexandria, Va., two young men play the game on the sidewalk outside a Laundromat while waiting for their wash to dry. In a San Francisco department store, an expert plays twelve games at a time—and 1,000 people show up to watch. Across the nation, these and thousands of others have become hopelessly addicted to what suddenly is America's favorite board game: chess.

Until recently, most Americans who gave any thought to chess dismissed it as a game for eggheads. But since the opening gambits in the Spassky-Fischer world championship match in Iceland, people who could not have told a rook from a rock have been getting on the board. Chess clubs from Boston to Santa Monica report that their membership is swelling. Executives and employees alike are carrying small magnetic sets to their offices for brisk games during work breaks or at lunch. Many have started department- or even company-wide tournaments.

Chess has become front-page news in many American newspapers. And two men have garnered huge audiences as TV chess commentators. George Koltanowski, a retired international master, is now serving as analyst for San Francisco's KQED. And Chess Master Shelby Lyman brings wit, an incisive knowledge of the game and the rare ability to talk nonstop for five or more hours to move-by-move broadcasts on New York City's educational channel. A typical Lymanism: "It's not enough to have a lot of respect for bishops in the abstract—you gotta watch out for 'em."

Chess has also proven attractive to the bettors. In Las Vegas, Oddsmaker Jimmy ("the Greek") Snyder installed Fischer as a 6-5 favorite at the begin-



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CHESS '72: McGOVERN (LEFT) & NIXON
"You gotta watch 'em."

ning of the match, and has since raised the odds to 8-5. Interest in the Fischer-Spassky match has also pumped new blood into a dying breed—the chess shark. One Manhattan hustler is cleaning up by betting new chess *aficionados* that he can checkmate them within ten minutes in a game in which a move must be made every 30 seconds.

To defend themselves against rapacious professionals and more experienced friends, chess novices can turn to any of the instructional manuals now flooding the bookstores. One of the most popular is *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess*, which lets the reader in on the Brooklyn genius' secrets—the elementary ones at least. Bantam Books is now into a fifth 50,000-book press run of the \$1.95 paperback edition. Two other instant books that will report and analyze the Fischer-Spassky confrontation will be available days after the match ends. Bantam will publish *Fischer-Spassky: The New York Times Report on the Chess Match of the Century*. And Simon & Schuster will issue *Fischer vs. Spassky*, by Yugoslav Grand Master Svetozar Gligoric.

Manufacturers are also increasing production of a large variety of chess sets that range from the simple, functional and cheap to the bizarre and ultraexpensive. Perhaps the most costly of all is a \$100,000 set of gold and silver, designed by Antique Dealer Arthur Corbell and displayed at a recent Los Angeles gem show. But what may well be the most appropriate design for an election year was conceived by LRH Enterprises of New York. Called "The Contemporary Game, Chess '72," it pits Republicans against Democrats, has elephants and donkeys as pawns and well-known politicians as the major pieces. For the Republicans, LRH, of course, made Richard Nixon the king. But, because the set was placed on sale well before the Democratic Convention, the company showed prescience in its choice of the Democratic king: George McGovern.

Modern Maecenas

The man across the table from Igor Stravinsky in Chicago's Union Station restaurant was an unlikely luncheon partner for a great composer to seek out on a stopover. He was a prosperous local wine importer, and his somber, heavy-set air evoked stocks and bonds rather than sharps and semiquavers. But when the man started to order coffee, Stravinsky insisted on champagne instead. "Contemporary music has many friends," Stravinsky toasted him, "but only a few lovers."

The man was Paul Fromm, and in the 14 years since that meeting he has continued to express his love of contemporary music in the most practical way. Each year he has set aside up to \$100,000 and, through his Fromm Music Foundation, parceled it out in commissions to an international *Who's Who* of composers: Milton Babbitt, Alberto Ginastera, Alan Hovhaness, Ernst Krenek, Roger Sessions, Stefan Wolpe—some 90 names in all. Composer Gunther Schuller describes Fromm as "the single most important benefactor in the field of contemporary music."

Boos. "Composers," says Fromm, "are the sources of musical culture: yet their status in the musical world is uncertain. They are professionals without a profession." Fromm's efforts to offset this situation begin rather than end with his individual commissions (\$1,000 for a piece by a young unknown, up to \$5,000 for one by an established master). He befriends his composers—most often while they are still obscure—keeps in touch with them; sells wine to them. He makes sure that their works get performed and even subsidizes recordings. "There can be no living musical atmosphere," he insists, "without sympathetic interaction between composers, performers and listeners."

Nowhere is this interaction better exemplified than at the Fromm-supported Festival of Contemporary Music each summer at Tanglewood. Last week the festival marked the 20th anniversary of Fromm's foundation with a week of special concerts, forums and workshops, which, for Fromm, were fraught with both the perils and joys of being a modern Maecenas. When members of the Boston Symphony rehearsed for the premiere of Fromm's latest commission, an electronically amplified violin concerto by Charles Wuorinen, they disliked the piece so much that they booed. When the Tanglewood listeners heard it, some of them booed too.

Much more successful were reprises of two of the most important works ever commissioned by Fromm: Luciano Berio's *Circles* (1960) and Elliott Carter's *Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras* (1961). These performances flanked a

rare public appearance by Fromm in which he pleaded eloquently for better integration of contemporary and traditional music rather than a mere "busking of indiscriminately chosen new music to the halls of Brahms and Beethoven."

The son of a cultured Bavarian wine merchant, Fromm learned enough piano as a child to join with his brother Herbert in four-handed transcriptions of Mahler symphonies. His first hearing of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, he says, "made a 20th century man of me." But unlike Herbert, who became a composer, Fromm settled into the family vocation, and after immigrating to Chicago in 1938, used it to support music as a passionate avocation. Fromm and his wife live in an unpretentious apartment near the University of Chicago, where she teaches psychology (a field in which Fromm's cousin Erich has become prominent as the author of *The Art of Loving*). When a visiting Ford Foundation official asked to see Fromm's foundation offices and library, Fromm led him to a battered file cabinet in the corner of his wine firm's office and pulled open two drawers.

This year Fromm has shifted the administrative base of his foundation to Harvard University and passed the responsibility for making commissions to an expert committee of Schuller, Music Scholar A. Tillman Merritt and himself. At 65, he intends both steps as provisions against the future, hoping that the foundation will be able to continue and even extend his work after he is gone. Where new music is concerned, he likes to quote Mae West: "Too much of a good thing is wonderful."

—CYNTHIA COOK



FROMM WITH SCHULLER AT TANGLEWOOD
Commissioning a Who's Who.



WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON

The Mechanists and the Mystics

*Four years ago when he was 30, William Irwin Thompson left his teaching post at MIT, dismayed at what he called the "mindless, liberal technocratic managerial vision" he found there. At York University in Toronto he became a professor of humanities and wrote *At the Edge of History*, a provocative little book greeted variously as "dazzling" and as "not so much an analysis of the decadence of our civilization as a symptom of its decline." Wrote one reviewer, "Thompson's Edge is to Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* what chess is to Chinese checkers." In a lengthy interview, TIME Correspondent John Wilhelm pursued further Thompson's ideas about technocracy, beginning with the Club of Rome, the international organization of scientists and industrialists that has called for zero population and economic growth (TIME, Aug. 14). But Thompson's remarks about economic growth were only the starting point for an amazing, freewheeling discussion that ranged from education and art to mysticism and evolution. Excerpts*

In *At the Edge of History* I said that there would likely be an invisible college surfacing in the '70s or '80s after the exhaustion of the protest movement, and I was surprised to see it come up faster than I expected. I was, however, thinking more in terms of a Cromwellian protectorate than a bunch of behavioral engineers round the world who would be trying to consolidate their power. The intriguing idea about the Club of Rome is its incredible sophistication as a prestige structure. They finesse the whole power situation by not even trying to go for power, but they say: "We're going to show you in our computers that disaster is ahead of us. However, we happen to be just sitting here cornering the market on disasters, and so we're ready when you want to buy disaster control. We'll solve the planet for you."

I think it's probably useful to try to plan ahead, and I don't object to that. My ambivalences stem from the bureaucratic, technocratic and managerial structure of the group. I'm suspicious. In order to solve our problems, we have to use the structures that they're almost putting in our hands, so in some sense, I think it's a ploy for a shift of power toward technocratic international managers. Now the only thing managerial people will respect is power blocs, like the ability of the Third World to disrupt. The managers will pay attention only to violence, which is why the Archie Bunkers of the world were fed up with the Kennedy-liberal Democrats, who would eliminate the white working class and listen only to the blacks.

I am frightened by the political implications of leading people into the promised land, moving them away from politics to political management. From being citizens to becoming subjects. Futurism, I think, is ideological camouflage, and should be very, very suspect.

Yet nobody talks about the end of the citizen in *Future Shock*. Alvin Toffler writes about participatory democracy and the future of it, and yet everything in the new technology is antidemocratic. If you've got computers you

don't have to share information with the bureaucracy; you just give the elite access to instant information. All the information coming in from different sides—economic, political, religious, social—has one common thing and that is that it is antidemocratic, which is one reason why the kids keep talking about participation democracy. Because when something is about to go, it has its sunset. It has its most beautiful, passionate colors and then disappears. When the railroads are coming in, people write poems to trees. When people are talking about sexual automation and the elimination of motherhood, that's when you have a sexual explosion. Now that democracy is going, every naive kid says "participatory democracy," and it's an absolute fantasy.

Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute is a think tank. You would imagine that they would be able to be at least five years in advance of themselves. Yet in their book *The Year 2000*, which was written in 1967, there was not a thing about pollution, nothing about the Club of Rome. Already that book is ancient history. So in some sense it shows the kind of bankruptcy of that sort of imagination. It's so linear.

They are either glowingly optimistic or they are intensely pessimistic. There is no tragic sense of endurance and strength. That comes from a more cyclical and spiraling vision of history that doesn't flip back and forth between this kind of shallow optimism and shallow pessimism. It has a greater sense of the realities of human strength and growth.

With a tragic sense of history, you can see the limits to your own growth in technology without feeling that you've reached the end of the world. You can see other dimensions of possibility. It's the kind of strength that the blacks have had to see them through 400 years of suffering, that the Irish have had for 700 years to see them through the mess that's still going on, and the Jews throughout millenniums. It's a kind of capacity to endure. But now that we have reached the limits of one kind of technological expansion, there is a tendency on the part of progress-oriented thinkers to flip totally out and see lines going up or lines going down. It is more likely that the disintegration of one cultural structure is going to occur at the same time that the creation of another is going on, and that these things will be binary and paired and it won't be an either/or situation but both.

What's going on now is that the culture has split into mechanism and mysticism, and the people who are thinking of problems on a planetary scale are moving in opposite directions. Their solutions are different in content but have similar structures. So that planetary mysticism—the countercultural movement, Yoga, Zen, Subud, Sufism and all of the other newly popular religions—is trying to create an ideology for the planet that can relate to the limits of growth: non-aggression on nature; different relationships between men and women; a mysticism that is rooted in the physical, as it is in, say, Yoga. These things, new, mythic forms of imagination that seem to be unrelated, should be included in books like the Club of Rome's *The Limits to Growth*. But in that book there is nothing about any of the imaginative, emo-

HERMAN KAHN EMBRACES THE FUTURE & A YOGA STUDENT PRACTICES MEDITATION



tional, spiritual or deeply intellectual forms of human culture.

What's a nonpolluting culture, a non-growth, a non-Faustian Western culture going to be like? The people who have really been doing the research and development on that kind of culture have obviously been in the counterculture. The non-growth culture is closer to the Hopi Indian way of life than it is to that of the jet-setting industrialist's. Frank Waters' *Book of the Hopi* is the most directly relevant book to something like *The Limits to Growth*. It's very clear that if you are going to humanize technology, you're not going to be able to do it within the limited terms of books and civilization and the other older containers. You've got to go very far out. In this sense, the people who really understand electronic technology, biofeedback, new forms of consciousness where you don't have to keep up by reading 36,000 books a year are the mystics. Seemingly you move away from culture and technology and become a world-denying mystic. But in reality—in a spiral—you are coming back into the heart of the post-technological culture.

It is a continued paradox that the only way to get to the center is to move in the opposite direction and then find that



MONKS IN THEIR REFECTORIES & H. G. WELLS' "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"

And then Rome came in and said, "No, you can't have it this way. You have to have a bishop, you have to have management, you have to be related to the central Roman structure, and you're now going to belong." And so they consolidated all these monasteries and put in their own kind of men. The battle between the Irish anarchist vision of cultural change and the Roman imperial one was a fascinating kind of collision. Now that we're in the Dark Ages all over again, I think back to this particular collision and see in it more of the problem of the difference between authority and power. But the trouble with separating authority from power was that it was only temporary. Later on Caesar and Christ were brought back together again and the papacy was created. And, you know, none of the early, really patriotic Christians anticipated that.

But in the Dark Ages the Lindisfarne schools were trying to take the old Greco-Roman knowledge and miniaturize it by copying it, and in the process of copying it they created a new medium. They illuminated manuscripts, so that even in the act of transmission there was transformation. They put the old civilization as a content into the new larger structure, which was Christian civilization. Today if you take the old civilization—which isn't working—and you miniaturize the old knowledge, it will probably be done two ways: mechanistically and mystically. The mechanist will miniaturize it in terms of microchips, and the mystic will miniaturize it by moving to a certain core of books and developing consciousness. By putting our old industrial civilization as a content into a new structure and devising new forms for the transformation of consciousness through Yoga, Sufism, Zen—I don't care, pick the one your personality likes the best—and by a new recognition of the body. I think it's more likely that one can create the kind of deeply individuated self where technology isn't a problem any more. But if one tries to work in the bureaucracy, being a student, being job-trained to go on to teach English majors how to teach English majors, or computer programming—there's such an utter futility in it that that kind of education is really irrelevant.

The universities are no longer on the frontiers of knowledge. A lot of students are leaving, professors are leaving. The universities won't die or disappear, but they'll lose their charisma and their imaginative capacity to innovate, which means that they will become the kind of places where you learn the past, where you consolidate, and then, when you're ready to really get into things, then you'll say, "O.K. I'm gonna go and work with Soteri, or I'm gonna work with Piaget, or I'm gonna study with Gopi Krishna, or I'm gonna go to India or go to the Lama Foundation in New Mexico." And if civilization is still holding together, you might have an



VINCENT VAN GOGH'S "WEAVER AT HIS LOOM" & A DETROIT ASSEMBLY LINE



somehow or other there's been a contrary swing and you're now in dead center. In this sense the yogis and the mystics are world-activating, planetary men of action. The ones that are irrelevant are the managers. The mechanists are so busy with the machines that they can't see that the gods that they think are their opposites are really just picking up the other half of the culture.

Some of our problems stem from the fact that authority today pretty much comes from those who have power. What we need is a clear distinction between authority and power—as in the days of Christ and Caesar before the papacy. We must realize that there are areas of human culture in the imagination, in religious instincts, in the full dimensions of human culture rather than its mere technocratic husk that are important and that have to be affirmed. If we look upon our Presidents as colorless managers and develop alternative systems for cultural regeneration, then I think we have ways of creating new institutions that aren't weighed down with institutional inertia. So the attempt to create a Club of Rome is useful, but it's such an imperial model. First it's a club, and it's also the idea of Rome again: the old Roman imperial model of the center of civilization sending its structures out into the provinces.

There are only two models when you are in a disintegrating civilization, the Roman and the Lindisfarne. Lindisfarne were the monastic schools in Britain that held on to knowledge during the Dark Ages. They had no power. Each abbot, each visionary, was the guru of his particular place.

*The Hopi way of life is deeply religious, with esoteric prayers and ceremonies that are supposed to maintain the harmony of the universe.

*Paolo Soteri, an architect working with student apprentices in Arizona on schools to redesign cities. Jean Piaget's eminent Swiss child psychologist Gopi Krishna, Indian philosopher who has written about the evolution of man toward a new state of consciousness. The Lama Foundation, a commune devoted to the study of Eastern mysticism.

INTERVIEW

education credit card like an American Express card. We could give every adolescent \$3,000 on his 18th birthday, and say, "Here. Open up a boutique and become a hippie capitalist, or blow it on a trip round the world, or finance your first rock album or your own book of poems, or have a channel on cable television or let it sit in your bank until the interest is sufficient to finance your whole Ph.D. after you go to college at the age of 28, which is the right age for university." This would probably put more energy into society—would be more truly capitalist than any kind of state-goliath-socialist system that we have reached.

I think that I would basically subscribe to the thesis that we have reached the limits of the growth of the Protestant ethic, the spirit of capitalism, the system of industrial nation states. And the danger that's built into this is that it's like a return to the Middle Ages. Many contemporary technological critics are medieval thinkers. Soleri is a medieval thinker. Ivan Illich is a medieval thinker. Marshall McLuhan is a medieval thinker. Jacques Ellul—they're all medieval Christians. Basically they're seeing the end of the modern era and the return to the Middle Ages, which they prefer.

They think in terms of culture, hierarchy, cathedral cities, the concentric universe and the integration of science, religion



This is why many intellectuals like T.S. Eliot, William Faulkner or D.H. Lawrence would be disgusted by the modern world, and why the peasants would not like it either, and the top and bottom would come together to get rid of the middle classes. Except the intellectuals are always betrayed, because the peasants basically want to become middle class, and so there's a slippage. Many of the intellectuals now are so hungry for order that they would be willing to see the end of democracy and some new kind of Napoleonic order coming in. Arnold Toynbee, in his recent book *Surviving the Future*, says that as far as he can see we have a choice between a world federal state with an Alexander at the helm or nothing—annihilation.

I think that the intellectuals will be the first people to make accommodation with the new power structure. As long as they can still have their elitist sense as professors and computer scientists, they will be quite happy in an aristocratic pro-management system. They don't stand to lose that much. Thus the ones who cry the loudest for freedom might not be all that much in favor of it.

These political implications are nowhere being discussed. Even the mystics don't really discuss the meaning of their intensely hierarchical system. All these mystical religions have

HOPI ART (LEFT); HOPI PRIESTS



REUTER/ARCHIVE



DE FAUSTUS IN HIS MAGIC CIRCLE, COMPUTER ART (RIGHT)

and art. Their vision is the Middle Ages reacheived on a higher level of order, with a new content but a similar structure. And that may be what's happening, because after a period of enormous creative expansion we're moving into a period of consolidation. And the medieval vision, Ptolemaic or what not, is a vision of consolidation, of structure, harmony, and correspondence rather than expansion. So most thinking this way is conservative.

A lot of this was anticipated in *The Shape of Things to Come*, where H.G. Wells envisioned that out of a military apocalypse, somewhere in the world, hidden during the period of tribulation, would emerge a freemasonry of scientists, engineers and technicians who would create a new rule of efficiency and would clean up the world after the mess. They would put away the old artist, the old military warlord and the politician with his raging ideology. Well, when we do put away these people, we can't kid ourselves that we're not also putting away the bourgeois middle-class democratic system.

Now some of this is O.K., because middle-class democracy meant freedom for the middle classes but not for the lower classes. And it meant the destruction of the culture of the upper classes. So that from top to bottom, there's a kind of revision against middle-class, bourgeois industrialism.

*Ivan Illich: brilliant priest who believes in deschooling society but founded a school of his own in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Jacques Ellul: French historian and lay theologian of a Calvinist persuasion.



The only thing that can make you small is to have eternity in a grain of sand, you know. Some religions would say one can strive, but Zen would say even to strive is to miss the satori. The goal is being rather than becoming. This is again where I feel that the mystical movements are the most technologically sophisticated political movements now operating. They make everything in Herman Kahn and the Club of Rome seem incredibly naive.

Incidentally, it's very interesting that any guru who has any kind of thing going for him is heading for the U.S.: Tibetan, Indian—all of them. They've all got this heavy message: "The planetary transformation and human evolution are going to occur through the instrumentality of the U.S." The blacks too are more into the culture in the U.S., bad as the problems are, than in Africa. Even the American Indians are coming back in with the Indian cultural renaissance. It seems to me that the one place where the four continents and the four races come together in any kind of planetary intermingling and transformation is the States.

We are again moving into a very hierarchical, mystical, Pythagorean, antideocratic system. Half of me is in favor of that. The other half does not want to go through the Middle Ages all over again. Will it be good or bad? Take the Industrial Revolution. It may be that the Industrial Revolution was an ambiguous event that was equally good and equally evil. And this new revolution, which is not just a technological but a cultural transformation—probably the biggest one we've ever seen since we were hominized—is equally going to share those ambiguities.

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Storm on the Sun

It was as if a poltergeist had suddenly gone on a global rampage. At higher latitudes, large glowing streaks and patches of light appeared in the nighttime sky. Short-wave radio communications were disrupted, compass needles danced dizzily back and forth, and utilities braced for stray surges of current that could knock out their power lines. Even the navigational ability of pigeons was believed to be temporarily impaired. These strange doings were not the work of an earthly ghost, but had their source in very real events occurring some 93 million miles away. With no forewarning, the sun underwent a series of violent eruptions that caused some of the worst magnetic storms on earth in recent years.

The storms were triggered by the streams of particles—mostly protons—spewed from the sun's turbulent surface during the eruptions. As these particles reach the vicinity of the earth, they ionize the gases of the upper atmosphere, causing such spectacular displays as the Northern Lights, blacking out radio transmissions and creating a host of other electromagnetic disturbances. The bombardment is not hazardous to terrestrial life, because most of the particles are absorbed by the atmosphere or deflected by the earth's magnetic field. But they could cause illness and perhaps death to space travelers shielded only by the thin walls of their spacecraft.

The solar outbreak came at an un-

usual time—only about three years after sunspot activity (usually associated with such eruptions) had reached its maximum in what is generally an eleven-year solar cycle. Said Solar Forecaster Robert Doeker at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's observatory in Boulder, Colo.: "It's like getting snow in Atlanta in July."

Recorded observations of sunspots were made by Chinese astronomers as long as 2,000 years ago, but it is only recently that scientists have begun to understand how they are formed and how they relate to other events on the sun's surface, or photosphere. The spots are apparently products of intense magnetic fields generated by currents of as high as a trillion amperes, and usually occur in pairs consisting of one positively charged and one negatively charged spot. As a result of this opposing polarity, lines of magnetic force link the spots, keeping gases trapped within them. Because hotter plasma from the sun's interior cannot move into the sunspot, they remain relatively cooler (and darker) than the rest of the photosphere.

Solar astronomers do not know why the formation of sunspots is cyclical, but the related eruptions usually seem to take place near the spots when there are many of them on the surface and the magnetic patterns have become more complex. Most likely, the eruptions are the result of the tremendous release of energy that occurs when there is a lightning-like discharge from nearby regions of opposing polarity. During these upheavals, huge areas of the sun become extremely bright, and hails of particles and intense electromagnetic radiation, including powerful X rays, shoot into space.

To learn more about these flare-ups—and also how to predict them—scientists have established some 45 solar observatories around the world. Using batteries of instruments that include solar telescopes equipped with cameras, spectrometers and magnetographs, they maintain constant vigilance of the sun, looking for the smallest sign of unusual solar activity. But the accurate forecasting of flare-ups is still what Solar Physicist Robert Noyes of the Harvard and Smithsonian observatories calls "very much a black art," a description that is fully supported by last week's dramatic—and unexpected—events on the sun.

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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

SCIENCE

ture of heaven: a scorching 977° F.

And the temperature of hell? The journal takes its cue from a line in *Revolution 21:8*: "But the fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Since brimstone boils at 833° F., hell must be somewhat cooler than that: if it were not, it would be a vapor, not a lake. Thus, *Applied Optics'* unnamed scientist concludes with scientific conviction, heaven is hotter than hell by at least 144°.

Two Superlatives

On opposite sides of the world last week two veteran paleontologists reported two remarkable fossil finds that could literally be described as superlative. One discovery may well qualify as the "largest," the other as the "oldest."

► The largest was found by Brigham Young University's James A. Jensen,* a tall (6 ft. 3 in.), lanky scientist known as "Dinosaur Jim," who worked as a taxidermist, welder, carpenter and longshoreman before turning to paleontology. Last year, on a tip from two amateur rock collectors, Jensen began exploring what was once a prehistoric riverbed near the little farming and lumber town of Delta in western Colorado. By spring he had unearthed a trove of bones that included the remnants of a large carnivorous dinosaur, three prehistoric turtles, parts of ancient crocodiles and small, chicken-sized flying reptiles. But his really big find came only a few weeks ago, when he discovered the matching shoulder blades, pelvis and five vertebrae of what appeared to be a huge, four-legged plant-eating reptile that was more than 50 ft. tall, weighed more than 80 tons and measured as much as 100 ft. from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. Says Jensen: "I believe we are uncovering the largest dinosaur ever found on the face of the earth."

The giant beast resembles the *Brachiosaurus*, a huge herbivorous dinosaur that prowled the earth from some 165 million to 100 million years ago. But Jensen thinks that the bones are sufficiently different to indicate that they belong to an entirely new species. As yet, Jensen's discovery has not been confirmed by other specialists, but he thinks that he can provide even more persuasive evidence. By probing further in the Colorado quarry—"a paleontologist's paradise," he says—Jensen hopes eventually to recover enough bones to reconstruct the entire skeleton of the prehistoric monster.

► The oldest find was made by Norman Wakefield, 53, who, like Jensen, is also a tall (6 ft. 2 in.), rangy digger. On holidays from his post as head of the

*In 1969, Jensen found the tooth of a long-extinct, snub-nosed little reptile called *Lystrosaurus*, which lived in Asia and Africa 200 million years ago. Its discovery in Antarctica provided convincing evidence that the continents were once linked together.



"DINOSAUR JIM" JENSEN WITH BONES
A monster 100 ft. long.

biology department at the teachers' college of Melbourne's Monash University, he likes nothing better than to clamber over the rocks of Australia's bush country. Last September, while exploring a rock-rimmed stream in eastern Victoria, he discovered, preserved in the rock, several small imprints of an ancient four-legged creature with webbed five-toed hind feet and possibly three-toed front feet. Geological dating showed that the sediment in which the markings were made was some 355 million years old, which means that they may be the oldest footprints ever found on earth.

Wakefield's colleagues at first showed disbelief, since the earliest fossil evidence of limbed vertebrates in the Southern Hemisphere dates back only 230 million years. But the skeptics were convinced when Wakefield later found in the same area plant fossils that clearly dated back to the same period, often called the Age of Fishes, during which the first primitive amphibians edged their way toward land.

One significance of Wakefield's discovery is that it may help solve a major evolutionary riddle: How did the webbed feet of the amphibians evolve from the paddle-shaped fins of their fish ancestors? Possibly his creature may be kin to a little (3-ft.-long) lizard-like amphibian called Ichthyostega, whose remains have been found in Greenland. The outward-pointing feet of Wakefield's find "demonstrate," he says, "a stage intermediate between the backward paddle of the ancestral fish and the forward-pointing foot of a four-limbed animal." To help settle that old scientific question, Wakefield is hopeful of locating an even bigger prize: a complete fossil skeleton of the missing amphibian.

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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL 72.

PROFITS

A Controversial Comeback

ANYONE who happened to overhear random conversations around the Price Commission last week probably decided that its next report will have to be issued in a plain brown wrapper. The commission's economists were talking about a plan with the multi-entendre name of "re-virgination." At first glance re-virgination would seem to promise a return to a state for which there is little nostalgia. The idea is that, at the commission's urging, corporations would roll back many of their recent price increases and make refunds to customers who had been forced to pay them. That is hardly an attractive proposition by itself, but managers of some big companies have expressed interest in re-virgination because it includes an enticing reward for such rollbacks: companies would no longer be subject to the commission's limits on profit margins. In effect they would be returned to a state of pre-controls innocence.

Crescendo. Under the commission's present limits, a company that has raised its prices during Phase II may not increase its margins—that is, profits as a percentage of sales—above what they were in a certain base period. The base is the average of the best two years between 1968 and 1970. Many a corporate chieftain deeply wants to be out from under those constraints because earnings are rolling in faster than they have in years.

New York's First National City Bank reports that a group of 1,368 big companies totted up 15% more earnings during the first half of 1972 than in the equivalent period a year ago, and profits in the second quarter were up 16%. Estimated profits after taxes for the whole economy rose to an annual rate of \$53 billion, a record (see chart). Alan Greenspan of TIME's Board of Economists predicts that after-tax earnings in this year's fourth quarter will run 19% higher than those a year earlier. Says Raymond Jallow, senior vice president of United California Bank: "We see very much of a boom in profits in the second half of this year."

Nearly all industries are enjoying an earnings bonanza, which suggests that it is based on a solid, sustained expansion of the whole economy. Profits were up in 27 of the 32 industries in Citibank's study, and the list of companies that have reported an after-tax earnings gain of 20% or more in the second quarter is impressive—General Motors, Ford, IBM, Sperry Rand, DuPont, Union Carbide, Caterpillar Tractor, International Paper, B.F. Goodrich, Eastman Kodak and Zenith. Small firms in

the same fields are often doing even better, according to Michael K. Evans, president of Philadelphia's Chase Econometrics, "because they were hurt worse in the recession and so are starting from further back."

Though the strong surge is a healthy economic sign, it is stirring a controversy over whether earnings are growing too fast, especially for a controlled period in which wages are not expanding nearly as rapidly. The argument is bound to become louder as the election approaches and will probably reach a crescendo next year, when an exceptionally high number of contracts with important unions are due to be renegotiated, including those of the Teamsters and the United Auto Workers.

Labor leaders and some Democrats

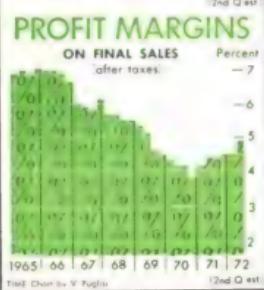
argue that current profits are steep enough. They point out that the recovery has been slow going for everyone, not just investors who relish high corporate earnings. Furthermore, thanks to tax breaks granted to business by the Nixon Administration, corporations have more money available for reinvestment and expansion than just the profits that they report to stockholders. By taking advantage of the accelerated-depreciation program, a firm can increase its cash flow with funds deferred from current taxation. Finally, there is a basic question of income equity. Profits are advancing at a much faster rate than personal income, which has barely managed to keep pace with inflation over the past few years.

The Engine. On the other side, businessmen maintain that, far from being too steep, the rate of profit gain in the current economic recovery is low by past standards. Earnings have rebounded by only 18% in the past year and a half—the slowest comeback, by most measures, that has followed any recent U.S. recession. Average after-tax profit margins are today running at about 5% of sales, whereas they hit 7% during the boom years of the '60s.

Among other things, businessmen insist, higher earnings are really needed to help finance the building of new plants and the purchase of new machines. These capital investments create business growth, which would knock down the nation's persistent and demoralizing high unemployment rate. July's jobless rate at 5.5% remained unchanged from June.

John Maynard Keynes called profits "the engine which drives enterprise." Millions of Americans depend on that engine to a great degree not only for their jobs but also for financial growth through profit-sharing funds, pension funds and dividend payments. Profits are used to enrich not merely a relatively few corporate managers and big shareholders but also masses of wage earners. When profits are perking up, a company's management is more willing and able to grant wage and salary increases to its employees. High-profit companies can be expected to spend more than low-profit firms to invest in antipollution devices or to hire, train and promote the hard-core unemployed.

Still, many critics question whether the earnings of America's corporations should benefit as directly as they now do from Government tax policy, especially since money is so sorely needed to pay for progress in the public sector at a faster rate than private companies seem willing to finance it. No matter who wins the election in November, businessmen can probably expect their corporate treasuries to be hit in the next round of tax reform.





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What's in it for us? The same that's in it for you. We want to reduce the thousands of annual highway deaths and the millions of crippling,



1. ED REIMERS: "Allstate believes in air bags. So recently they bought 200 Mercurys"



2. with air bags for Allstate people to drive. The air bag is right under here.



5. bag might inflate accidentally, when it shouldn't. But the 'sensor' is designed to prevent this.



6. The roughest roads don't inflate the air bag. Bumps don't. Panic stops don't.



9. in a frontal crash serious enough



10. to cause injury.

how today's air bag can keep a windshield.

disfiguring injuries. Besides saving lives and preventing injuries, air bags in cars are expected to help hold down the cost of your auto insurance.

For a 30-minute film about air bags for your club or organization, write the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate®

Let's make driving a good thing.



3. This special sensing device, that uses technology from the space program, decides if a crash is serious enough



4. to inflate the air bag. Some people worry that the



7. Even driving the car off a ramp won't inflate the bag.



8. The bag only inflates



11. Allstate says let's use space age technology to reduce auto injuries



12. and save lives."

This commercial has not yet been shown on TV

CORPORATIONS

A Needed Lift for Lockheed

OFFICIALS of troubled Lockheed Aircraft Corp. seemed to be living through a good news-bad news joke last week. The good news: the company got a much-needed lift when British European Airways ordered six of its wide-bodied airbuses, L-1011 TriStars, and took options on six more. The bad news: a few days later the Army canceled Lockheed's contract for developing the Cheyenne attack helicopter, which had been on the drawing boards for seven years but never got into production because of technical bugs and mounting cost estimates.

The quick counterpoint neatly symbolized Lockheed's so-so progress in the year since Congress saved the company from bankruptcy. On balance, the good news clearly outweighed the bad. Selling the TriStar is absolutely vital to Lockheed's future, and the BEA order—the first for the TriStar in almost two years—was a welcome indication that Lockheed can keep itself going. Development and eventual production of the Cheyenne helicopter would have helped Lockheed, but cancellation will cause little if any out-of-pocket loss: the company has already written off \$132 million of development losses on the helicopter. Yet the shooting down of the Cheyenne was a reminder that Lockheed still has a long, long way to travel.

Not that such a reminder was needed. A year ago Lockheed was headed for collapse, its TriStar project in sham-

bles, the aircraft's engine supplier, Britain's Rolls-Royce, had gone bankrupt. Congress came to the rescue by authorizing a \$250 million federal loan guarantee and the British government assured delivery of the engines by assuming ownership of Rolls-Royce.

Understandably, then, the BEA deal was signed in London amid an almost cloying exchange of mutually admiring remarks between BEA Chairman Henry Marking and Lockheed Chairman Daniel Haughton. BEA will pay \$147 million for delivery of the six planes starting in the fall of 1974. Marking denied that his nationalized line was prodded into the deal by the British government in order to expand the market for engines made by the government-owned Rolls-Royce. Even so, BEA is not likely for many years to phase out its fleet of British-made Trident jets and switch wholesale to the TriStar.

Money Needed. Moreover, the BEA options to buy six more planes are less than they seem. Marking noted that his airline would exercise its option only for a "variant" of the present version, very possibly a longer-range plane with a more powerful Rolls-Royce engine. If Lockheed can produce the new model, the British government has promised to provide 75% of the \$76 million that Rolls-Royce would need to develop the engines. But Lockheed will have to put up an estimated \$80 million to \$100 million to develop the modified plane, and it does not now have the money. It has already used up \$150 million of its Government-guaranteed loan, and will need the rest merely to continue pro-

duction of the conventional TriStar. Haughton says he is planning to raise the needed cash by floating a new bond issue, but how well it would sell is in some doubt.

Lockheed did post in the second quarter its sixth successive profit, of \$4.2 million. But the company is deeply in debt, its operations are closely watched by its bankers, and it cannot count on its non-TriStar operations to pull it through. It still has a healthy share of space and defense work: the U.S. Trident missile program alone will bring the company \$300 million in fiscal 1973. Yet the recent loss of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's \$2.6 billion space-shuttle program to North American Rockwell was a keen disappointment. With orders for the jumbo C-5A military transport scheduled to end by spring 1973, the company may be forced to shut down its huge Marietta, Ga., plant.

Lockheed's main chance to survive in its present size lies with its major commercial venture, the 275-to-400 passenger, \$17 million TriStar, which went into service in April. But that plane runs into muscular competition from McDonnell Douglas's strikingly similar DC-10, which has been in service for a year and already comes in a long-range version. So far, McDonnell Douglas has picked up 168 firm orders for the DC-10 family; 43 have been delivered.

Lockheed, bedeviled by delays, has so far delivered only seven TriStars and has orders for 110. The company claims it can get back its development costs and start making a profit by selling 275 TriStars; industry sources put the figure at 370. The next big buyer of trijets will probably be All Nippon Airways. McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed and Boeing, maker of the 747, are competing furiously for its business. After

EXPERIMENTAL MODEL OF THE CANCELED CHEYENNE HELICOPTER



WIDE-BODIED TRISTAR OF THE KIND ORDERED BY BEA



CHAIRMAN DANIEL HAUGHTON
A long way to go.

that, however, new orders are expected to drop to a trickle for some time. Thus Lockheed will have to run even faster just to stand still. If nothing else, the plight of the weakened aerospace giant proves one thing: the Government can save a favored company from extinction, but in the harsh interplay of a competitive market such aid can rarely restore a company to robust health.

EAST-WEST TRADE

Tapping Soviet Treasure

At his vacation home on the Black Sea last month, Leonid Brezhnev smiled conspiratorially across a plate of watermelon slices at U.S. Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson. "The Soviet Union has vast treasures for generations to come," the Communist Party boss said, "and we are now prepared to share them with you." He also told a joke about the peasant who bought eggs for two rubles, sold them for two rubles, and exclaimed "I am in business!" Brezhnev's point: the U.S. and the Soviets should not strike a trade bargain merely for the sake of making a deal, but should try large-scale ventures that would yield solid profit to both. Later, the usually matter-of-fact Peterson quoted a rather lyrical Alexander Hamilton remark that "the spirit of commerce has a tendency to soften the manners of men and to extinguish those inflammable humors which have so often troubled us."

Peterson ended his talks convinced that more big deals like the recent three-year, \$750 million bilateral grain agreement are likely. Indeed, U.S. agriculture officials predicted last week that the Soviets would expand their purchases of farm products to as much as \$1 billion in the next twelve months alone. Last week, Peterson reported to President Nixon that eight days of trade talks with Soviet officials had disclosed "a top-level Soviet decision that it is important to get access to Western products." He also briefed TIME Correspondent Jerrold Scheeter on the promise and the problems of Soviet-American trade. Scheeter's report:

Peterson's dominant impression was that in return for American manufacturing expertise and equipment, the Soviets have concluded that they should share some of their unmeasured (in the West, at least) mineral resources. His Soviet hosts were quite specific about what they seek from the U.S.: advanced machine tools and techniques for making such products as trucks, farm machinery and color TV. "They want the latest and the best of our sophisticated manufacturing know-how," says Peterson. Yet the Soviets have no illusion that their consumer goods will be competitive in the U.S. "We are a good market for vodka and some caviar, but the Russians have surveyed American and worldwide demand for energy. The



PETERSON (LEFT FOREGROUND) & SOVIET TRADE OFFICIALS IN RED SQUARE
Commerce has a tendency to soften men's manners.

things that they have and we most need are energy and raw materials." Peterson and the Soviets discussed three possible projects:

► Exploitation of Siberian natural-gas reserves. Two projects are being explored, one involving on the U.S. side a consortium of Tenneco, Texan Eastern Transmission and Brown & Root, the other El Paso Natural Gas and possibly Occidental Petroleum. The two together could require as much as \$10 billion to \$14 billion of U.S. development capital, and that may be too much for private U.S. financial institutions. Some new form of Government financing will probably be needed.

► Mining and processing Soviet oil, chrome, copper, nickel, palladium and platinum, which U.S. auto manufacturers may need to make antipollution devices (see story on page 65). The Soviets would like U.S. firms to supply advanced mining equipment in return for long-term, fixed-price contracts to buy the processed minerals.

► Joint ventures to produce cellulose and chemical fertilizers. Peterson says U.S. companies would build the plants, and the Soviet Union would furnish labor and raw materials.

There are many obstacles in the way before the plans can be implemented. The most troublesome are quasi-ideological: the capitalist U.S. and socialist Soviets have different business systems that find it difficult to make contact.

To begin with, the Soviet government leaders that Peterson met, he says, are at once "policymakers, negotiators and executors." They set the priorities and allocate the resources. By contrast, the U.S. side of prospective bargains would have to be fulfilled largely by executives of private companies, not the Government. Peterson is naming a U.S. panel to work out ways for Washington

and private companies to coordinate negotiations with the Soviets.

Beyond that, the Soviet and American legal systems differ fundamentally, so there will have to be some special arrangement to settle commercial disputes arising between U.S. companies and Soviet government organs. The Soviet Union is not yet a party to international copyright conventions, and there is no bilateral tax treaty between the two countries.

Even some of the things that U.S. businessmen take for granted are rare or nonexistent in Soviet cities. For example, there is no such thing as a commercial office building in the Soviet Union, and a storefront in an apartment house is currently the best that the country can offer. Waiting periods for telephone and telex communication with home offices in the U.S. can seem endless. Nor can a U.S. businessman in Moscow place an ad in *Pravda* for secretarial help; secretaries must be supplied through a government agency that deals mostly with diplomats.

Another round of U.S.-Soviet trade talks will begin next month in Washington. An immediate aim will be to establish the rules for arbitrating commercial disputes and arranging office facilities for U.S. executives in the Soviet Union.

The essentials for doing business are there. Each side has something the other wants, and they are willing to talk in those terms rather than debate cold war politics. Brezhnev and Peterson put it rather neatly in their talk beside the Black Sea. Brezhnev: "The Soviet Union and the United States are the two largest economies in the world. It is time that commercial and trade issues move to the frontier." Peterson: "By their diversity, the U.S. and the Soviet Union are natural trading partners."



OTIS CHANDLER



KIRK DOUGLAS



JACK BURKE

DEALS

Mr. Otis Regrets

The cynical view of making it in U.S. business holds that success depends "not on what you know but whom you know." According to an exclusive story broken last week by the *Wall Street Journal*, a West Coast operator named Jack P. Burke played that formula to the hilt. Burke's longtime friendship with Otis Chandler, his teammate on the Stanford University track squad (class of '50) and the crown prince of one of California's reigning families, had a good deal to do with his highflying fortunes in the oil business. Burke not only got Chandler, now the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, to sink \$250,000 of his own money into various drilling funds. Chandler also, in his own words, became the "door opener" for Burke to dozens of other rich West Coast investors, including *Times* executives, movie stars and California politicians. The *Journal* revealed that they and everyone else who invested in Burke's schemes may have lost as much as \$30 million, most of which has simply vanished, how and why it disappeared has sparked a federal inquiry.

Wildcatter. Chandler, 44, and Burke kept up their college friendship on hunting trips to such faraway places as Alaska, Africa and Mongolia. In 1955, Burke became godfather of the publisher's oldest daughter. Meanwhile, after starting out as a stockbroker in San Francisco, Burke made a chunk of money on a wildcat oil plunge and decided to go into the business full time. As Chandler revealed in a *Journal* interview, Burke asked him in 1965 to "introduce him to some people in Los Angeles" who might be interested in putting money into drilling funds, which offer special advantages to those in high tax brackets. During the next few years, Chandler presided over handshakes between Burke and "probably 50 or 60" people who subsequently invested in Burke-run funds. Many of them fun-

neled their cash into the stock of a fund-raising corporation called GeoTek, of which Chandler is a director. For his services, Chandler in 1965 collected \$109,200 in cash "finder's fees," which he returned to a Burke company this year after the first evidence surfaced of a possible scandal. The list of prominent investors includes Simon Ramo, a director of the *Times* parent company, and a founder of the huge electronics-aerospace firm TRW Inc., who also lent his name as a GeoTek director. Hollywood celebs who took fliers on Burke's oil funds include Kirk Douglas, Natalie Wood, and Noorin Siegel.

Self-Dealing. Last February Geo-Tek's board abruptly demanded Burke's resignation as the firm's president and later filed a civil suit accusing Burke and three members of his family of fraud and misappropriation of funds. He has denied all those charges and claimed that the lawsuit was a "treacherous" attack. However, Burke has declined to comment on most of the affairs of his companies. Although some \$30 million evidently has been invested in them, their total current worth, not counting outstanding loans, may be as low as \$5 million, according to a recent consultants' report. Burke claims that the consultants' estimate was deliberately understated.

What happened to all that bread? The plaintiffs in the lawsuit allege that Burke diverted some investor funds to other companies that he controls, siphoned off nearly \$1,000,000 from a self-dealing Oklahoma real estate transaction and simply used some money for his personal expenses. Nevertheless, the litigants have hardly begun to account for all of the missing \$30 million. A much fuller explanation of the Burke brouhaha may be forthcoming from the

Securities and Exchange Commission, which, the *Journal* implied, is considering both civil and criminal proceedings in the matter. Meanwhile, an embarrassed Otis Chandler can only ponder the cruelties of misplaced friendship. "Jack called me a couple of times after the trouble started," Chandler told *TIME*. "He was in tears telling me his profound regret. He tried to apologize. I didn't accept."

RETAILING

Computerized Check-out

Bleeping and flashing at the checkout counters of a Kroger store in the Cincinnati suburb of Kenwood, the new device looks and sounds like something from a sci-fi movie. In fact, it is an experimental RCA computer system designed to speed customers through the counters and minimize chances that they will be overcharged by tired, rushed cashiers.

The new system works this way: stickers with an inked numerical code signifying the product, brand, size and price are pasted on all packaged items. For example, Kroger crinkle-cut French fried potatoes, Code No. 010270280. The stickers can be put on at either the producer's plant or in the store. Coded tags for meat and fresh produce are affixed by the butchers or clerks who weigh them. At the check-out counter the cashier rapidly moves the code marks across an optical scanner. This relays the information to a computer, which is connected to a screen and a cash register. As the computer flashes the price of each item on the screen, it also rings up the cost on the register, emitting beeps for each item. When the computer is finished, the cashier punches a button, the total shows up on the screen and an itemized sales slip pops from the register. All the cashier then has to do is ring up the money and make change.

The computer has shortened the check-out line, and by freeing cashiers

to pack groceries, has also eliminated the cost of employing separate baggers. Kroger officials seem enthusiastic enough to indicate that the computerized bleeps may become familiar fixtures at check-out counters.

JAPAN

Bosses Go Home

The relentless work ethic of the Japanese is an awesome force to contemplate—even in Japan. The Tokyo government, fearing that frequent complaints from foreign competitors whom the Japanese outdo might help stir demands for another revaluation of the yen, is now trying to persuade the nation's employees to work fewer hours and take more holidays. The Labor Ministry and the Ministry of International Trade and Industry have extended the campaign to bosses by fining supervisors who insist on working holidays and their normal days off. The fines range from \$3.25 to \$6.50 for each violation—a much larger sum in Japan than in the U.S. Some American workers who wonder if the boss will ever go home might wish to see the practice spread more widely.

COMMODITIES

A Platinum Age?

Automaking is such an all-pervasive industry that fortunes can be made and lost on the winks of Detroit's Big Three. Lately there has been considerable speculation on just how seductively they are winking at the precious and relatively obscure metal platinum. On the one hand, platinum is the leading candidate to serve as the active agent in an anti-pollution device that will probably have to be installed on all new cars beginning in 1975. But hundreds of scientists are trying to find another, cheaper substance that will do the same job. If they succeed, the platinum market will probably remain fairly stable. But if automakers actually start using platinum, all bets are off. Their demand for the metal each year would be roughly equal to the amount now produced annually by the entire world.

Catalyst. Chemically, platinum is capable of changing certain noxious gases, including smog-producing hydrocarbons, into harmless carbon dioxide and water vapor. A platinum-coated honeycomb structure called a catalytic converter has so far performed best in meeting the tough federal emissions standards for '75 and '76 model cars. According to top auto executives, the amount of platinum needed for each car is one-tenth of an ounce. Thus, with total U.S. new-car sales expected to top 10 million units annually for the foreseeable future, manufacturers will need more than a million ounces of platinum

a year. At present, world production of platinum is about 1.2 million ounces annually, most of it for use in petroleum, chemical and electrical industries.

At the going price for platinum sold by producers (about \$120 per oz.), each new car sold with a platinum converter would contain about \$12 worth of the substance. There also are geopolitical problems: the bulk of known platinum reserves lies in South Africa and the Soviet Union. Says Lester Krellenstein, a metals expert at the Manhattan brokerage house of Bache & Co.: "G.M. alone is experimenting with about 600 compounds to find another way to meet the emission standards."

Sudden Surge. At the same time, all three companies are showing an unmistakable interest in the world platinum supply. Ford has reached an agreement with Manhattan's Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp., under which Engelhard will supply "not less than 60% of the platinum-treated converters that Ford may need in 1975, 1976 and 1977 models. Engelhard has close ties with South Africa's Rustenburg Platinum Mines, the world's largest. G.M. executives are known to have discussed platinum purchases with other South African producers, and Ford, G.M. and Chrysler have all consulted with the U.S. Commerce Department about possible deals to buy Soviet platinum.

Last month platinum futures reached historic highs in the commodities market, putting purchases scheduled for this fall at \$161 per oz. Then a Bell Laboratories report suggesting that nonplatinum catalysts are close at hand pushed prices down. Bell's research was hotly disputed by Engelhard, and the market has lately been gyrating from day to day; last week's closing price was \$151. Until it has been decided in the labs, probably by the end of this year, plenty of speculators are betting that the golden age of platinum is not far away.

ADVERTISING

The New Tree Sell

In the keenly competitive auto business, where advertising hyperbole often spouts like steam from a cracked radiator, the latest Datsun promotion offers a soothing change. It is a coolly understated print and broadcast campaign aimed at improving the environment and showing critics that automakers do care about ecology, as well as boosting sales. In one television commercial, Nature Photographer Ansel Adams strolls through a woodland scene, stresses the need to save the nation's forests and asks viewers to "Drive a Datsun, plant a tree."

That is the campaign's theme. The promotion calls for the U.S. subsidiary of Japan's Nissan Motor Co. Ltd., which makes Datsuns, to pay for a tree seedling to be planted by the U.S. Forest Ser-

vice in the name of anyone who test-drives a Datsun up to Oct. 15. So far, company officials report, public response has been enthusiastic, although it is too early to tell how many nature lovers will be prompted to buy as well as test-drive Datsuns.

In any case, the promotion is calling attention to a little-known program under which the Forest Service permits the use of its name in ads and undertakes the tree planting in national forests if a company will pay for the seedlings (they cost 15¢ each). To ensure that it is not put in the position of endorsing a product, the service reserves the right to pass on each ad. The arrangement enables the service to use commercial ads to spread its prime message—the public must protect U.S. woodlands threatened by fire and commercial timber demands—while allowing companies to leaven their sales pitches with a pinch of altruism.

The service started the program



PHOTOGRAPHER ANSEL ADAMS
Save the forests.

about two years ago with Hunt-Wesson Foods, which offered to have a tree planted for every label it received from some of its most popular items. The national campaign, which is still going on, has drawn more than 1.6 million requests and cost Hunt-Wesson \$83,000 for new trees. Similar regional promotions have been run by Sun Oil of Philadelphia, Elanco Products Co., an Indianapolis agri-chemical firm, Columbia Pen & Pencil Co. of New Hyde Park, N.Y., and Forkner Publishing Co. of Ridgewood, N.J. Beyond its immediate success, the program indicates that businessmen and naturalists could well work together in easing other ecological problems while benefiting themselves and the public.

THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN EUROPE VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.

This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

The Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than

the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs \$167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of.

According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volks-wagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volks-wagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer

ACCELERATION

FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	30-50 mph	11.633 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.

BRAKING

FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	30-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.

BUMPER TO BUMPER

FIAT	151.8 in.
VW	161.8 in.

FRONT SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE

FIAT	53.50 in.
VW	46.0 in.

REAR SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE

FIAT	49.875 in.
VW	47.125 in.

BACK SEAT - KNEE ROOM

FIAT	31.00 in.
VW	25.75 in.

COST

FIAT	\$1,992*
VW	\$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, F.O.B. Transportation, taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any; additional



History and Hope

TO THE FINLAND STATION

by EDMUND WILSON

590 pages. Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

\$15.

On native ground Edmund Wilson, who died early this summer (TIME, June 26), was America's most distinguished critic. But he was also an international Man of Letters who fluently pursued learning in seven alien tongues, bringing it back alive for cultivated U.S. readers in serviceable patrician English prose. Wilson's aim, or one of them, was to create "a history of man's ideas and imagining" set against the conditions that shaped both the ideas and the men. Of all his literary forays with that end in view, the broadest and most passionately humane is his study of the theorists and practitioners of revolution called *To the Finland Station*. Revolutionary rhetoric is once again very much in the air, and the book has now been reissued more than 30 years after its original publication.

Wilson begins with a flashback to the year 1725, when a little-known scholar named Giambattista Vico brought out a book based on a rather dazzling notion. Social history, he saw, was not, as man had long conceived it, a mysterious pageant presided over by God. It was, instead, a work of man. Society has laws and patterns that can be described, like the laws of science, and used to improve the human lot. *To the Finland Station* ends after the fall of the czar in 1917 with the exiled Lenin's return to Russia (via the Finland Station in Petrograd) and his harsh speech calling upon the soldiers and workers of the revolution to reject the reforms of the revolutionary Provisional Government and seize all power for the people.

Novelist's Skill. In between, with a series of interlocking biographical sketches, Wilson introduces a handful of men and ideas that helps link Vico's original insight about the possibilities of historic progress first with utopian socialism, then with Marxism, and finally with Lenin's fateful arrival at power. With a biographical novelist's skill, Wilson also manages to suggest much of the political and philosophical history of 19th century Europe. A series of clashes (1830, 1848 and, in France, 1870) only slowly confirmed—and often simply denied—the rights of man briefly proclaimed by the French Revolution. Meanwhile, the poor suffered as the industrial revolution spread. A debate arose—with echoes today in the U.S.—between those who defended individual liberty, ignoring the fact that only the middle class, or above, could take advantage of it, and those who urged the need for state control for the good of society.

One of Wilson's heroes is Jules Michelet, a poor printer's son who discovered Vico's ideas in 1824 and used them to create a new kind of history, written as if from the viewpoint of the past, dedicated to human progress and infected with the notion that the common people are more important than their leaders. "To know how to be poor," Michelet once said, "is to know everything."

The rigid indifference, not to say ferocious hostility, with which the middle classes reacted to claims made upon it by and for the poor after the French



GIAMBATTISTA VICO (1725)
No longer God's pageant.

Revolution largely explain the later harshness of Marx's view of history and Lenin's remorseless approach to politics. In France, Gracchus Babeuf's seven-year-old daughter died of hunger when he was imprisoned for demanding universal suffrage. Eventually Babeuf himself was put to death for establishing the Society of Equals and asserting that only in a planned society could such various human needs as free education and milk for deprived children be met. The Comte de Saint-Simon begged himself and spent 20 years urging a society administered by the unsalaried rich for the good of the poor, according to rules to be worked out by high-minded men of learning.

To lead the way to a new society, assorted utopians, like the Welsh mill-owner Robert Owen, established experiments in communal living—many of them shipped off for trial in America. Few had the strong religious faith and leadership that seem necessary for a commune to survive. Most soon founded, sad victims of human nature, surrounding hostility and the kind of heart-

breaking paranoid crackpottery that often afflicts selfless, impractical people when they are too long confronted by the practical selfishness of the world.

Wilson sorrows for the utopians, who were, after all, only bit players fondly counting on human kindness or Christian ethics to bring the world drama to a happy ending. He has profound admiration for Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, who brushed the dreamers aside and forged the conception of history and class warfare that eventually gave a murderous edge to the so often dashed hopes of the poor. Wilson, however, is evenhandedly aware of the weakness in Marxist theory. *To the Finland Station* offers a fascinating and lucid refresher course in such things as the labor theory of value (monetarily shaky but morally sound, Wilson feels) and dialectical materialism (history and Hegel unscientifically invoked to replace God as the inevitable scourge of the unjust). His portrait of the gloomy, rabbinical Marx as a boy in Germany and later during the London exile and of Engels, naturally urbane and cheerful, yet devoting his life to Marx and revolution, extends one's hopes for the possibilities of human nature, whatever view may be taken of the possibilities of Com-

ETTORE FRÖTHLICH



JULES MICHELET (1824)
People and progress.

munism. Compared to Marx and Engels, Trotsky and Lenin, who take up the last quarter of the book, seem a bit like mere mechanics of history.

When the book first appeared in 1940, the Moscow purges and the Hitler-Stalin pact were very much in everyone's mind. It then seemed to some critics either odd or disingenuous of Wilson to close his chronicle just at the moment when the great Communist experiment was about to be put into dreadful practice. For this new edition, Wilson has added a short preface, cor-

rected some errors. (He had been, he admits, too kind about Lenin's character.) But he shows no regret for not having carried the story further. How right he was. The book does not emphasize, but is dramatically explicit about the horrors of Stalinism. It is also perceptive about those aspects of Marxian theory and practice that bode ill for revolution: the assumption that unlike other classes, the working classes once in power will act justly, the double standard of moral behavior that justifies any cruelty for those working with history's revolutionary blessing. But further speculations about whether a Stalinist tyranny could have been avoided are beyond Wilson's province. So, too, are more recent developments in the Kremlin and Peking, though they suggest that there will always be revolutionary movements, if only because revolutionary ideals will always be betrayed.

To the Finland Station is illuminated by a contagious awe at mankind's need to believe that the course of history and steady human progress are inevitably linked. History has not yet made clear whether such a belief is a narcotic, a noble inspiration, a necessary myth or a tragic delusion. But the author shows where any reader's sympathies must lie. Like Michelet's histories, as Edmund Wilson describes them, this book "makes us feel that we ourselves are the last chapter of the story and that the next chapter is for us to create."

■ Timothy Foote

Mythomania

THE OGRE

by MICHEL TOURNIER

translated by BARBARA BRAY

373 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

The novel of ideas often suffers a fate similar to that of the goose destined for *pâté de foie gras*. Both are force-fed: both die sluggishly for the sake of a few rich morsels. Michel Tournier's *The Ogre* is engorged with ideas, which is one reason why it waddled off with France's 1970 Prix Goncourt. With unanimous praise from the critics ("The most important book to come out in France since Proust," said Janet Flanner), the novel became a bestseller. It is not too difficult to see why. Its setting is World War II and with existentialism temporarily muted out, M. Tournier proves a clever exploiter of the current enthusiasm for mysticism and mythology.

The Ogre himself, a huge, nearsighted man, is named Abel Tiffauges. He is one of those tiresome people who see mysterious significance in every little occurrence. He is variously a Parisian auto mechanic, a keeper of military carrier pigeons, a P.O.W. assistant to the chief forester at Hermann Göring's hunting preserve, and a youth scout for a Nazi eugenics program. Each of these jobs gives Tiffauges a chance to spread his mythic wings. As Abel, he recalls the



MICHEL TOURNIER
The road to Mandala.

Bible's first shepherd, slain by brother Cain, a jealous tiller of the soil. As a stand-in for St. Christopher, the bearer of the young Christ, Tiffauges must carry Tournier's most cumbersome load. This is the burden of innocence. Who is shouldered after the flood but also protects his carrier from sin and danger.

Tiffauges is the patron saint of his own travels. The war takes him out of France, with its overripe cynicism, to Germany, the northern lands celebrated in Greek mythology as a realm of clear light and cool reason. The fact that Germany is now controlled by such barbarians as Hitler and Göring rounds out the Hyperborean myth by offering an inevitable opposite.

Like a good Hegelian, Tournier presents his thesis and antithesis. But he is also a good Jungian. Signs, symbols and archetypes are plucked from every incident and looted chaotically into the mythological vacuum of the modern world. The presumption is that these fragments are awaiting a supersession that will unify them into some sort of new mythic order. When this in fact occurs in Tournier's book, the effect is one not of artistic revelation but of melodramatic kitsch: a young Auschwitz refugee turns into a Star of David; the star, in turn, spins off to the heavens as a more generalized mandala symbolizing a harmonious universe.

Without at least a mail-order course in triadic dialectics, it is best to forgo analysis of Tournier's synthesis. Enough said that it has much to do with his notion that symbols have lives of their own and possess a diabolical potential. Yet in *The Ogre*, in contrast with his last book, *Friday*, Tournier seems incapable of expressing an idea without sacrificing

art to pedagogy. As an old East Prussian aristocrat says just before his Russians do a *Gründerlammung* on his castle, "When the symbol devours the thing symbolized, when the cross-bearer becomes the crucified, when a malign inversion overthrows phoria, then the end of the world is at hand."

Barbara Bray's translation cannot be entirely blamed. Rather, it seems as if a little malign inversion has seeped into the novel. Why else does it invite laughter in places where it is supposed to be most serious?

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Plaintiff v. Bard

THE STRANGER IN SHAKESPEARE

by LESLIE FIEDLER

263 pages. Stein & Day. \$7.95.

It would be unjust to call Leslie Fiedler the ambulance chaser of U.S. letters, but he is something of a legal beagle. Literature seems to be more his client, or adversary, than his love. He spends half his time sleuthing for clues and the other half setting up a court case. As an advocate, Fiedler can be brilliant, infuriating, or slyly provocative. On one of his more celebrated undercover forays, he unmasked—to his own satisfaction—more homosexuals in American novels than Joe McCarthy ever managed to ferret out in the State Department.

In his current book, Fiedler is the plaintiff in a case against Shakespeare. The Bard, it seems, was viciously prejudiced on the subject of women, Jews and blacks. As internal aliens to his mind—"strangers"—they aroused his fear and consequently his hate. But after making Shakespeare out to be a conscious bigot, Fiedler argues that Shakespeare, quite unconsciously, had delved into "stereotypes and myths, impulses and attitudes" that "still persist in the dark corners of our hearts, the dim periphery of our dreams." So Shakespeare is both guilty and not guilty, a peculiar ambivalence that unsettles the whole book.

Selective evidence is the device Fiedler uses to make his case, and some of it is weirdly selective. He brushes aside Cleopatra, Juliet, Desdemona and Cordelia, since they do not bolster the antiwoman argument, and dwells on the unflattering portrayal of Joan of Arc in *Henry VI, Part I* to establish Shakespeare's bias. It is more direct and more correct to recall that France was the hereditary enemy of England, and that precious few Frenchmen are depicted with anything but derision and distaste in Shakespeare. Apply the argument in reverse. Tennessee Williams has given us remarkable and far from unsympathetic in-depth portraits of women. Does that make him pro-feminist? If Shakespeare did not lavish his hugest genius on women, it is probably because female roles were played by boys on the Elizabethan stage, and not because he was a homosexual, a supposition Fie-

dler makes yet again on the basis of the sonnets.

To Fiedler, the portrait of Shylock is proof positive that Shakespeare is anti-Semitic. But is it? Shylock was a moneylender, and usury was long held by Christians to be a horrific sin. Indeed, Jews entered the field by default rather than design. Is the Malia loan shark or the friendly neighborhood bank really less than Shylock on getting its pound of flesh? In addition, in the matter of both women and Jews, one should always remember that Shakespeare's world was the world of Christendom. A mind steeped in the Christian tradition had to be wedded to two propositions: that woman was the first occasion of sin, and that the Jews delivered Christ to the cross.

To Fiedler, Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* and Othello represent "the paranoia about blacks which Shakespeare shared with the pit," that is, the commoners in the audience. Now Shakespeare and his audience could have spent a lifetime without seeing a black. Only in Hitchcock or Pinter can one develop paranoia over an unseen "stranger." In *Othello*, black and white are not racist, but imagistic counters. It is Othello who is white in his innocent gullibility and Iago who is black in his "motivless malignity." Both men are complementary halves, like day and night.

What is really perverse in Fiedler's book is that Shakespeare should be its target. Of all playwrights, it is Shakespeare who heartily knits man and woman, Jew and Gentile, white and black, together in a bright, profound and moving vision of our common humanity. His spirit is as generous as the sea. Perhaps it is this spirit that is Fiedler's "stranger."

■ T.E. Kalem

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- 2—*My Name Is Asher Lev*, Potok (4)
- 3—*Captains and the Kings*, Caldwell (5)
- 4—*The Word*, Wallace (3)
- 5—*The Winds of War*, Wouk (2)
- 6—*The Terminal Man*, Crichton (6)
- 7—*The Dark Horse*, Knebel (8)
- 8—*A Portion for Foxes*, McClary (7)
- 9—*Memoirs of an Ex-Queen*, Shulman (10)
- 10—*The Levantier*, Ambler

NONFICTION

- 1—*Jerusalem*, Collins and Lapierre (1)
- 2—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (3)
- 3—*George S. Kaufman*, Tauchman (2)
- 4—*The Superlawyers*, Goulden (10)
- 5—*The Boys of Summer*, Kahn (5)
- 6—*Open Marriage*, Nana and George O'Neill (6)
- 7—*A World Beyond*, Montgomery (4)
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MILESTONES

Married. Arabella Churchill, 22, granddaughter of Sir Winston, and occasional charity fund raiser; and James Barton, 23, Scottish schoolteacher; both for the first time; in London.

Married. John Huston, 66, grizzled director of movie classics (*The Maltese Falcon*, *The African Queen*, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*); and Celeste Shane, 31, his close and longtime friend; he for the fourth time, she for the second; in Los Angeles.

Died. Eddie Machen, 40, ranking heavyweight contender during the 1950s and '60s, of injuries suffered when he fell or jumped from his apartment window; in San Francisco. A convict turned fighter, Machen seemed headed for the championship until Sweden's Ingemar Johansson kayoed him in the first round of a 1958 fight. After a bout with mental illness, he tried a comeback that soon fizzled, and later worked part time as a longshoreman.

Died. Milton ("Mezz") Mezzrow, 72, who, after learning to play jazz in a Pontiac, Ill., prison, became one of the most influential white clarinetists of the '30s and '40s; in Paris. Dealing in New Orleans blues, and in marijuanas by the pound, Mezzrow became a familiar figure to jazz fans from New York City to the Chicago nightclubs of Al Capone. In 1937 he created one of the first racially mixed bands in the U.S. Though he was a popular performer, Mezzrow's life-style was out of tune with his times, and after a two-year jail term for selling marijuanas, he became an expatriate in Paris in 1951.

Died. Max Theiler, 73, South African-born virologist who as a researcher for the Rockefeller Foundation won the 1951 Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine for his success in developing a vaccine against yellow fever; of lung cancer; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. W.T. (for William Thomas) Grant, 96, founder and honorary chairman of the retail chain that bears his name; of heart disease; in Greenwich, Conn. Grant opened the first of his "25¢ stores" in a Lynn, Mass., YMCA in 1906, and immediately specialized in high-turnover products priced between the nickel and dime items of F.W. Woolworth's and the 50¢ minimum then common in department stores. Nearly 50 years ago, he decided that the business needed professional managers rather than a merchant at the top, and he gradually withdrew from active participation to devote most of his time to philanthropy and hobbies. The chain continued to prosper, and now includes 1,190 stores in 43 states with annual sales of \$1.5 billion.

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Unholy Trinity

GREASER'S PALACE

Directed by ROBERT DOWNEY

Screenplay by ROBERT DOWNEY

The Second Coming has come and gone. Back in the Old West, Christ parachuted to earth. He was dressed in a zoot suit, called himself Jessy and said he was en route to Jerusalem "to be an actor-singer-dancer. It is written that the agent Morris awaits me." His father, an elderly party in clerical garb and a white beard, also walks the earth, meting out violent punishment in the best traditions of the Old Testament. The Holy Ghost, a fellow wearing a bed sheet, flaps after him, grousing "You'll

awaiting glad tidings of relief that are never forthcoming.

Greaser also has a son, a sniveling little freak called Lamy Homo (Michael Sullivan), whom he keeps murdering and Jessy (Allan Arbus) keeps raising from the dead. "If ya feel, ya heal," is the way Jessy's laying on of hands proceeds, and others besides Lamy benefit too. A cripple, once healed by Jessy, passes the rest of the movie dragging himself from one scene to another, thankfully crying "I can crawl again."

None of this makes any kind of sense except comic sense. Ebuliently acted, beautifully scored (by Jack Nitzsche), memorably photographed on location in New Mexico, *Greaser's Palace* has an unrestrained, nutball appeal that is also, finally, its undoing. Downey always goes for a laugh instead of a point. Unlike Luis Buñuel, who also deals in curiously reverential blasphemies, Downey lacks the ruthless, rigorous intellect that gives depth to such flights of fantasy. ■ *Jay Cocks*

When Robert Downey, Army private first class, was tossed into the stockade after one of his three courts-martial in as many years, he won a reprieve for one day only. The Yankees had come to Okinawa to play some exhibition games, and Downey had the reputation of being a good fastballer. He pitched three innings. Then Yogi Berra stepped up to bat, swatted one into the ocean, and Downey was back in stir.

So he tells it, anyway. There is always a nagging suspicion when talking to Downey that he is spinning out a new scenario with every sentence.

The troublesome offspring of a hotel manager and a Powers model who lived in Greenwich Village, Downey had already been bounced from a handful of schools before he sneaked into the service at the illegal age of 16. After receiving a dishonorable discharge from the Army, he returned to the Village, where he scrounged jobs as a waiter at Howard Johnson's and a poster tacker at the Bleeker St. Cinema.

Downey also married a model named Elsie (who appears with their two children in *Greaser's Palace*). He appropriated his wife's fees for TV commercials in order to finance his first movie, *Babo '73*. "I had to dub all the voices myself on that one," Downey recalls. One day he even shot without film because he was too embarrassed to tell the actors that money had run out.

Funds never have rolled in for Downey. His fourth and best-known film, the ad-game satire *Putney Swope*, had a modestly profitable return at the box office, but Downey remained less than the hottest ticket in Hollywood. His next film, *Bound*, was shown in approximately four cities, double-billed with some unsavory horror pictures.

Then Downey met Manhattan-based Cyma Rubin, the wife of the former owner of Fabergé and the fledgling impresario who produced Broadway's *No, No, Nanette*. She staked him close to \$1,000,000 and let him have his head on *Greaser's Palace*. When the film opened in Manhattan, it was generally lambasted. A couple of critics even suggested that Downey had been borne away by his budget, that his movies were better when their director was a waiter.

"I'm ready to go back to waiting," says Downey, 36. "I hope I don't have to, but if I do, I'm ready." Meantime, he says: "I want to change movies. The people in the industry don't want to. They don't even like movies." There are probably enough people who do, however, to keep Downey safe from pushing clam rolls over the counter at Howard Johnson's.

Flailings and Failings

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

Directed by WOODY ALLEN

Screenplay by WOODY ALLEN

Woody Allen should have taken a shot at *Inside the Third Reich*. Or even *The Naked Ape*. Dr. David Reuben's well-scrubbed almanac of sexual aid and comfort only affords Woody another opportunity to turn mating rites into mayhem. It was an opportunity he ought to have passed up.

Woody's failings and failings at sex have been the subject of a good deal of his work, most recently in *Play It Again, Sam*. But now the jokes are well-worn, and good, manic ideas are congealing into formulas. *Bananan* was Woody's best movie, not only because it was his wildest but because it dealt with such eminently ridiculous matters as Latin American politics and TV newscasters. Here, back on overly familiar territory, Woody loses a lot of momentum.

The movie is divided into seven sections, each a sketch derived from one of Dr. Reuben's leading questions. Many of the ideas sound good on paper: in "What happens during ejaculation?" Woody plays a nervous sperm; in "What is sodomy?" Gene Wilder appears as a nice Jewish doctor who lusts after a sheep. The laughs, though, remain mostly in the silliness and audacity of the notions themselves. The skits wind down rather than take off from the ideas.

Sex includes some broad, funny send-ups of other movies (*Fantastic Voyage*, *La Notte*), and its fair share of memorably wacky lines. "I have to think of something quick," moans Woody, playing the court jester in a demented medieval allegory. "The Renaissance will soon be here and we'll all be painting." But overall it is just Woody marking time and being merely a little funnier than, say, *Sex and the Single Girl*.

■ *J.C.*



ALLAN ARBUS AS JESSY IN "PALACE"

Unrestrained nutball appeal.

never know what I could do 'cause you never give me a chance."

All this is strictly according to the gospel of Robert Downey, set down in *Greaser's Palace*, his funniest, most accomplished and most audacious film yet. Downey's lifelong dedication to assaulting the boundaries of good taste still ends too often in dirty jokes that misfire and a kind of varsity show satire. But with its boundless energy and delirious invention, *Greaser's Palace* is easily the most adventurous American movie so far this year.

If Downey's Messiah is a vaudevillian, his devil is a figure of preposterous melodrama—a glowering, gun-toting saloonkeeper named Greaser (Albert Henderson) who keeps his mother behind bars ("You'll always be my favorite," she reassures him) and who suffers from chronic constipation. His trips to the privy are state occasions, with his retinue of dim-witted subordinates nervously circling outside.

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